

JANUARY, 1879.

THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS No. 49.

STEEL PLATES.

- I. LEAVING HOME. From a Painting by F. Holl, A.R.A.
- II. ICEBERG LAKE. From a Painting by R. T. PRITCHETT.
- III. THE LADY IN "COMUS." Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Sculpture by J. D. CRITTENDEN.

ARTICLES

COPYRIGHT BY D. APPLETON & CO., 287

IN FORTY PARTS, AT FIFTY CENTS EACH.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

A SERIES OF

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS FROM THE WORKS OF J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

Turner, the world-renowned English painter, is not only acknowledged to be the greatest landscape-painter England has produced, but he is, by general consent, placed next to, if not by the side of, Claude Lorraine, the most distinguished of the great Continental masters in landscape-art. Turner's paintings being remarkable for breadth of effect and of shadow, and brilliant representation of light, are peculiarly adapted for engraving. It is, indeed, remarkable that, although the most vivid colorist of modern times, no painter's works are so susceptible of reproduction by the graver. This fact is conceded by all critics; and this is peculiarly fortunate, inasmuch as, by a careless choice of material, the colors of many of his paintings are undergoing rapid deterioration. The admirable adaptability of Turner's paintings for the purpose has led the very best engravers to reproduce them, and, as a result, the most brilliant, imaginative, and inspiring works of recent times are brought within the reach of the general public. The task has not been a slight one: few are aware of the time and expense involved in the production of one steel plate; but, when, as in the present case, the engravings number one hundred and twenty, and are produced with a faithfulness, skill, and beauty, unexcelled in the art, the undertaking has been one of no little magnitude. The subjoined list, which includes the names of the most celebrated and accomplished engravers of Great Britain, indicates not only the extent of the work, but gives assurance of the excellence of its artistic character.

LIST OF ENGRAVERS.

J. B. ALLEN.
J. C. ARMYTAGE.
E. BRANDARD.
S. BRADSHAW.
J. COUSEN.
C. COUSEN.
E. CHALLIS.

W. B. COOKE. E. GOODALL. C. H. JEENS. W. MILLER.

T. A. PRIOR.
W. RICHARDSON.
L. STOCKS, R. A.
C. W. SHARPE.

J. T. WILLMORE, A. R. A. R. WALLIS, A. R. A. Etc., Etc.

Each plate is accompanied by historical and critical remarks, compiled from authentic sources, so that the whole affords a most instructive guide to the study of Turner's unrivaled pictures.

CAUTION TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers are particularly cautioned against giving up their Numbers to hind to irresponsible persons. A printed form of receipt, bearing the name of D. APPLETON & Co., and properly signed, should IN ALL CASES be required. We will not be responsible for the return of the books unless the party who owns the books holds such a receipt. Offers of unusually cheap bindings should be regarded with extreme suspicion, as designing persons sometimes use such pretenses to cover fraudulent intentions.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.—The work will be printed on fine Imperial Quarto paper, and completed in Forty Parts, at 50 cents each. Each part will contain Three Steel Engravings, with accompanying letter-press descriptive of each picture. It is intended to issue two parts each month, until the work is completed.

ART JOURNAL FOR 1880.

NEW FEATURES.

With THE ART JOURNAL for 1880 will be given

SUPPLEMENTS,

Containing Original Designs for copying on Plaques, Tiles, Panels, Screens, Vases, Fans, &c., or for other purposes in which the amateur may desire suggestions for Decorative Drawing and Painting.

Each design will be accompanied with suggestions for treatment.

ILLUSTRATED PAPERS, ETC.

LEAVES FROM PAINTERS' PORTFOLIOS.—We shall begin in an early number a series of papers of an eminently interesting and artistic character, consisting of reproductions on wood of studies, sketches, out-of-door snatches of scenes or objects, from the portfolios of our artists. We can promise subscribers in this unique series drawings of singular freshness and charm.

PRINCIPLES OF DECORATION.—We shall begin in the January number a series of papers explaining and illustrating the principles of Decorative Art, prepared by Mrs. SUSAN N. CARTER, Superintendent of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, New York.

STUDIO-LIFE IN NEW YORK. With Illustrations.

PRIZE DESIGNS FOR ART-MANUFACTURE. (See particulars on next page.)

THE MOSQUES OF EGYPT. By E. T. ROGERS and M. E. ROGERS. Illustrated by G L. Seymour.

OTHER EGYPTIAN SUBJECTS. By the same authors and artist.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—Examples of the current productions of AMERICAN ARTISTS, engraved in an artistic manner.

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL PAINTERS.—Examples, engraved on wood, of the works of leading artists abroad.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—A series of papers giving instruction in and designs for the erection of rural cottages, suburban villas, &c.

RIVER SCENERY. By Professor ANSTED.

CAUSES OF VARIETIES OF ARCHITECTURE IN SYRIA. By M. E. ROGERS. With Illustrations.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ART-MANUFACTURES.

VIEWS OF NEW CHURCHES, BUILDINGS, AND MONUMENTS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Each number of THE ART JOURNAL contains three Steel Engravings or Etchings, from paintings by distinguished artists, or subjects in Sculpture.

THE ART JOURNAL contains the Steel Plates and Illustrations of the LONDON ART JOURNAL (the exclusive right of which, for Canada and the United States, has been purchased by the undersigned), with additions specially prepared for the American edition, mainly relating to American art. It contains features that render it invaluable to artists, amateurs, and all persons interested in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Decoration, Furnishing, Ornamentation, Engraving, Etching, or Designing in any of its branches. It is a record of Progress in the Arts; affords instruction to amateurs and students; furnishes designers with innumerable suggestions; gives examples of what is doing in Europe and America in the different arts; is a choice gallery of engravings in both steel and wood.

Published monthly. Sold only by Subscription. PRICE, 75 CENTS PER NUMBER (payable to the carrier), or Nine Dollars per Annum, in advance, postage prepaid by the Publishers.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

AGENCIES: Boston, 6 Hawley Street; Philadelphia, 922 Chestnut Street; Baltimore, 22 Post-Office Avenue; Pittsburg, 101/2 Sixth Street; Roccurster, 42 State Street; Cincinnati, 200 Main Street; Chicago, 61 Washington Street; St. Louis, 3201/4 North Third Street; New Orleans, 20 St. Charles Street; San Francisco, 207 Dupont Street.

"ART JOURNAL" PRIZES.

PRIZE DESIGNS

FOR

ART MANUFACTURE,

WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY GEORGE WALLIS, ESQ., F.S.A., KEEPER OF THE ART COLLECTION IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

O long ago as the year 1850 we gave in the Art Journal, from month to month, Original Designs for Art Manufacture. Several artists submitted designs in competition, from which we selected and engraved a considerable number; but one International Exhibition, supplying objects of a kindred order, followed another so rapidly that we postponed, without relinquishing, the continuation of the series.

We now resume it, and invite Art-Designers of all countries to submit to us Original Designs for Art Manufacture—to be in no way limited with regard to either material, or style, or purpose, to which it may be deemed applicable.

The Designs selected will be paid for by the Proprietors of the Art Journal, and engraved at their expense.

It will be open to any manufacturer to copy them for manufacturing purposes, and the name of the designer will be given, so that the manufacturer will know to whom to apply for such assistance as he may desire, and for other designs that he can make exclusively his own.

All Designs submitted to the Editor, whether accepted and used, or declined, will be returned to the artist.

At the end of the year, three of the published Designs shall be selected by eminent arbitrators, whose names will be announced, and the producer of the best Selected Design shall receive a PRIZE OF TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS; to the producer of the next in order of merit shall be awarded a PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS; and to the producer of the third in order of merit a PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS.

The Prizes will be given in Art Publications of the above-named values.

The books thus adjudged shall be specially stamped and marked with the names of the gainers of the prize.

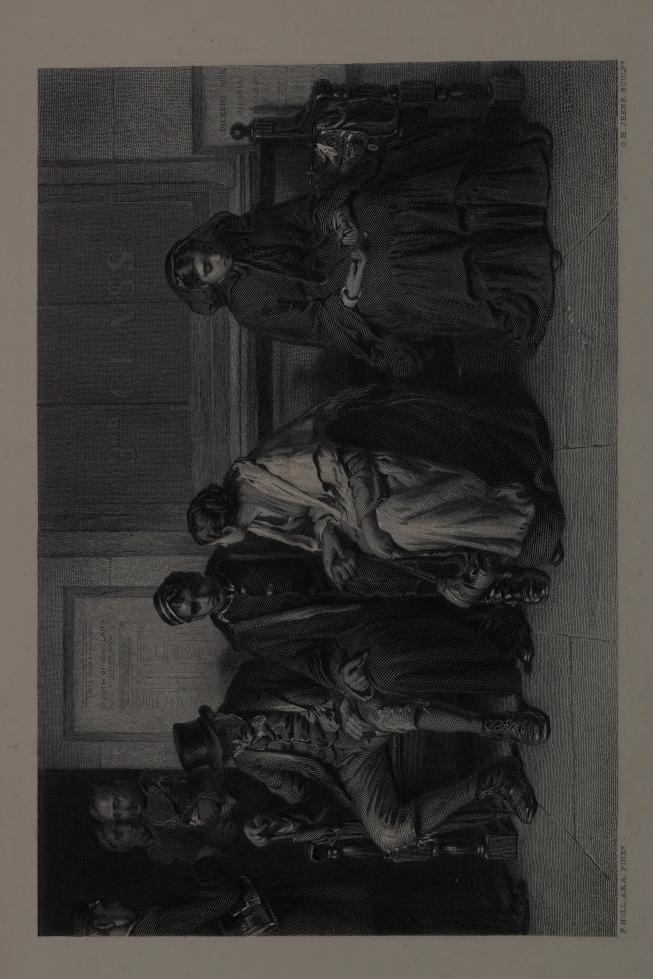
VIRTUE & CO., 294 City Road, London.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,

549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

^{**} The above announcement is made by the Publishers of the English edition of The Art Journal. Competition is open to American Designers, and we are assured by Messrs. Virtue & Co. that impartial verdicts will be given. The Designs will appear, of course, in the American edition. Competitors should address Messrs. Virtue & Co., 294 City Road, London.





LEAVING HOME.



THE ART JOURNAL.

LANDSCAPE IN AMERICAN POETRY.

FROM DRAWINGS BY J. APPLETON BROWN:

THE house in which a great poet has lived, always interests us, but it cannot hold so much of his life as the trees through which his thoughts have made Æolian melodies, or the roadsides along which his imaginations have blossomed into song.

And the magic of poetry transfigures any landscape, making it beautiful beyond itself as immeasurably as the ideal transcends the real.

The majestic wraith of Shakespeare glorifies the Avon, and the



Whittier's Brook.

Ayr and the Doon are not so musical with their own ripples as with the ballads of Robert Burns. Through the songs of our own singers, also, we are beginning to see the beauty of the country in which we live. Our artists have already done much towards showing the world what American landscape is like but by the JANUARY, 1879.

aid of our poets they will do yet more; for what is the artist's hand without the poet's eye and soul? As they approach their perfect idea, Art and poetry are one.

American poetry is abundantly picturesque.

To begin with what may be considered the classic ground of our

national minstrelsy—who, that is familiar with the verse of Lowell and Longfellow, does not know something of the scenery of the River Charles?

The latter invokes the spirit of the stream with the words—

'Thou hast been a generous giver,
I can give thee but a song:"



The Charles River.

And, through the long regret of love in the heart of the singer, its shores are haunted with shadowy presences of never-to-be-forgotten friends. As thus:—

"... A dreamy haze Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate, And on their margins with sea-tides elate,



Hampton Meadows.

The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.
I also wait, but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied

The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!"

The poetry of Lowell is luminous with the ever-returning gleam of this same quiet river. It is the mirror of his most delicate

fancies, and he has given us its scenery in exquisite word-painting. In the "Indian-Summer Reverie"—

" . . . A stripe of nether sky,"

It-

"Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green."

And the lover of the river is also the lover of the sea-marshes through which it flows:—

"Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight,
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light;
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare.

"All round, upon the river's slippery edge, Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide, Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling sedge."

And there are-

"The wide-ranked mowers, wading to the knee, Their sharp scythes panting through the thick-set grass."

There, too-

" . . . The bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops
Just as he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the winrows most demurely drops."

This poem is, indeed, a succession of inimitable pictures. Again, in "An Invitation"—

"The Charles his steel-blue sickle crooks,"

"Where a twin sky had just before
Deepened, and double swallows skimmed;
And, from a visionary shore
Hung visioned trees, that more and more
Grew dusk, as those above were dimmed."

And again, following our poet to his retreat "Under the Willows," we are shown where—

"... The sliding Charles,
Blue towards the west, and bluer and more blue,
Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes,
Look once, and look no more, with southward curve
Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair
Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold."—

"... The deep meadows flowed With multitudinous pulse of light and shade Against the bases of the southern hills, While here and there a drowsy island-rick Slept, and its shadow slept."

Lowell is not too eloquent regarding the pastoral charm of our marsh-scenery. On the Mystic and the Saugus one loses the elm-shadowed verdure of the Charles, but has, instead—in the right season—the shaven gold of the salt-meadows widening with bronzed ricks to the open sea, that rims them with deepest ultramarine. This is the view of the traveller along the railways running eastward from Boston to Nahant. And the region is not without its poetic associations, although in the "Bridal of Pennacook" the tameness of its winter aspect is purposely brought out in contrast with the forest-wildness of the Upper Merrimack. There the marshes are described as—

"Dull, dreary flats, without a bush or tree,
O'ercrossed by icy creeks, where twice a day
Gurgle the waters of the moon-struck sea."

But even these flats may be seen with a difference on a clear, crisp, autumnal day, or with their long sea-fringe lying illumined under a cloud-flecked sunrise.

Farther eastward the Rowley, and Salisbury, and Hampton meadows gain immensely in breadth, and their oak-islets and pro-

montories, and woodbine-wreathed rocks, agreeably vary the vast level of hay-ricks stretching oceanward. These are the-

"Low, green prairies of the sea,"

which so frequently form the background of Whittier's poems:-

"Hampton meadows, where mowers lay
Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass;"

and where, moving hither and thither on the horizon, with the windings of the country-road—

"Agamenticus lifts its blue Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er."

Approaching them from their farthest inland border, you catch the glimmer of—

"A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine-bluffs and wastes of sandy grey;
The tremulous shadow of the sea!"

And this is the way the poet outlines for us the landscape from the adjacent beaches:—

"Behind them marshes, seamed and crossed With narrow creeks, and flower-embossed, Stretched to the dark oak-wood, whose leafy arms Screened from the stormy east the pleasant inland farms.

"At full of tide their bolder shore
Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat:
At ebb, a smooth and glittering floor
They touched with light, receding feet.
Northward a green bluff broke the chain
Of sand-hills; southward stretched a plain
Of salt grass, with a river winding down,
Sail-whitened, and beyond, the steeples of the town.

"Whence, sometimes, when the wind was light,
And dull the thunders of the beach,
They heard the bells of morn and night
Swing, miles away, their silver speech.
Above low scarp and tuff-grown wall,
They saw the fort-flag rise and fall;
And, the first star to signal twilight's hour,
The lamp-fire glimmer down from the tall lighthouse-tower."

Retracing our steps from the Hampton and Salisbury marshes, up the lower waters of the Merrimack, we are treading upon ground which is all a-bloom with the poetry of Whittier. The breezy seaside city of Newburyport, and the neighbouring hills of Amesbury, and Haverhill, and old Newbury, are almost as well known to us as the ideal and historical personages with which his songs have peopled this whole region. In "Mabel Martin," in "Snow-Bound," and in many traditionary ballads, and verses relating to personal friendships, the familiar landscape reappears. We know the look of the tranquil valley of the Merrimack from his native hillsides, nearly as well as the poet himself. How should we not, when he has sketched it distinctly, as thus?—

"I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away
With the many tints of the season gay,
Dreamily blending in autumn mist,
Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.
Long and low, with dwarf-trees crowned,
Plum Island lies like a whale a-ground,
A stone's toss-over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow:
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung:
And round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill."

Our poets, in loyally writing of the streams that water their own

fields, have read us

son that beauty is not always veiled in unattainable distance, but is the near neighbour of

the wholesome les-

him who has eyes to see. So, in Emerson's "Musketaquid:"-

- "Because I was content with these poor fields, Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams, And found a home in haunts which others scorned, The partial wood-gods overpaid my love.
- "For me, in showers, in sweeping showers, the spring Visits the valley; break away the clouds, I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air, And loiter willing by you loitering stream.

"... Then flows amain
The tide of summer's beauty. Dell and crag,
Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade,
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged clift
Hath thousand faces in a thousand hours."

And Bryant, although he does not so often give us the names of his tavourite haunts, has word-paintings which are faithful tran-

scripts of our rural scenery, as in "Green River," or in this glimpse of a spring morning in the country:—

"Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,

The robin warbled forth his full, clear note For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,

Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast

A shade, gay circles of anemones Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with flowers,

Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butternut

And quivering poplar to the roving breeze Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields I saw the pulses of the gentle wind On the young grass."

As lovely, in its own calm way, is his picture of vale and village in "A Summer Ramble:"—

"Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and winding, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.
The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire; and yonder flock
At rest in the calm fields appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.
One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks;
There the hushed winds their Sabbath
keep,

While a near hum from bees and brooks Comes faintly, like the breath of sleep."

The grandeur of mountain-tops, of wild cascades, and avalanchepiled ravines, is not unknown to American poetry; but the portrayal of simpler surroundings of every-day life has formed the true bond of attachment between singer and listener. To feel that



Murmuring Brooks.

we have a birthright in common with our poets to landscapes which their touch has transfigured, is more to us than to dream of far-off magnificences of Nature, whither we may seldom escape from the trodden pathways of daily toil. Few spots in New England are wholly without an uplift and an outlook for the thought of the dreamer, in his brief interludes of leisure, be it only a gap in the low, western hills, the gleam of sunset upon a work-a-day millpond, or a misty suggestion of the sea. And there is no glamour like that which, in her best moods, Nature weaves over a scene to which our eyes have always been accustomed:—

"The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to the waters o'er the grassy bank."

And here—for we were lingering on the banks of the Merrimack—we are led by our artist to the borders of its tributary, the Powow, that winds, beautiful, with Indian name and legend, among gentians and alders, around the base of its namesake hill, near the almost lifelong home of Whittier, in the busy little town of Amesbury. It is a poetic stream in itself, with its meadowy sinuosities, its shy withdrawals, and unexpected returnings to sight; much more so through association with the genius of this most characteristic singer of New England.

From almost any elevation about the village we might say—

"I see the winding Powow fold The green hill in its belt of gold."

On its downward way it sets in motion the wheels and looms of the woollen-mills, yet, even in the noisiest locality, does not wholly divest itself of rural attractiveness, or the colour of romance. Its meanderings receive a human interest, in the poet's lines, even from the passing footsteps of a tired working-woman:—

"And still, in the summer twilights,
When the river seems to run
Out from the inner glory,
Warm with the melted sun,

"The weary mill-girl lingers
Beside the charmèd stream;
And the sky and the golden waters
Shape and colour her dream."

On the bridge over the Powow, at its junction with the Merrimack, more is to be seen than the contrasted beauty of the two rivers. The spot is associated with the memory of the poet's sister—Elizabeth—she of the

"Large, sweet, asking eyes,"

who shared her brother's peculiar gift, and has left in verse a brief glimpse of herself standing here—

"Watching how the little river Fell into the broader stream; . . .

"And I thought, 'O human spirit,
Strong and deep and pure and blest,
Let the stream of my existence
Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

And the waters of the Powow and the Merrimack are not more perfectly mingled than were those two poet-lives, now known to the world only through him who yet moves among us in the fulness of his honoured years.

the world only through him who yet moves among us in the fulness of his honoured years.

Still loitering up the valley of the Merrimack, under the broad slope of cultivated hillsides, we reach the birthplace and homestead of the poet, now passed into the hands of strangers, and sadly changed from its old-time aspect of thrift and picturesqueness. But the brook is there, flashing a suggestion of indignant regret from behind its low forest-shrubbery—the brook which the "Barefoot Boy" has told us of:—

"Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,

Whispering at the garden-wall, Talked with me from fall to fall."

The brook—remembered as a friend by the survivors of the secluded fireside-circle in "Snow-Bound"—

"The music of whose liquid lip Had been to us companionship; And, in our lonely life, had grown To have an almost human tone."

Is it not also the brook which glances along the gracefully rustic fancies of "My Playmate" and "Telling the Bees?"

This streamlet has a peculiar charm—as having been the play-

This streamlet has a peculiar charm—as having been the playmate of a poet's childhood, and the accompanying music of his earliest verses. But other rivulets blend with the current of his singing; and all poets have delighted to join their voices with the melody of woodland streams.

Sweetest of all wild songs, and loveliest of all rural pictures, are those a brook makes, descending the dim rock-paths of a wooded cliff-side, or laughing and complaining through the sunshine and shadows of poetry. A mountain-brook is itself a poet. The river-infant springs with the gladness of a conscious life from its cloud-curtained cradle—

"Leaping grey walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine."

Which of our poets has best caught the spirit of the running brooks it is not easy to say. Whether Whittier, among the hills, when—

"All the woods were sad with mist, And all the brooks complaining;"

or Bryant-

"Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run Through the dark woods like frighted deer;"

or Longfellow-

"In the green valley, where the silver brook
From its full laver pours the white cascade,
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter;"

or Lowell, in the "Woodland Enchanted," where the little fount-

"Slips winding and hiding
Through alder-stems mossy,
Through gossamer roots
Fine as nerves,
That tremble, as shoots
Through their magnetised curves
The allurement delicious
Of the water's capricious
Thrills, gushes, and swerves."

Every gentle or impetuous brooklet that flashes into light from under its hemlocks and birches has an individuality—a personality, almost—of its own. No least rivulet repeats another rivulet's story, or mirrors the colour and shadow of any life save that of the trees, whose roots its sweet waters nourish, and whose intergrowth of leafage it reflects. And each deserves its own painter and laureate.

The brooks that we know in the songs of our poets—that ripple down past the threshold of our hearts through the soul and the lips of genius—make a gladness for us amid the blank and dusty ways of life, a green retreat, whither our suffocating fancies may at any moment escape. There is a human voice in their murmur; and, "as in water face answereth unto face"—the reflex of a living presence—the joy of a perennial friendship is in their freshening flow.

Blessings, then, upon our mountain-brooks, and hundred-fold blessings upon our poets, whose songs have made for them---

"A music sweeter than their own!"

LUCY LARCOM.

ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.*

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



HE "Ballad hero," Robin Hood, with his wondrous doings in "Merrie Sherwood," was, of all others, the most prolific source of inspiration to the ballad writer, and none in the whole range of "folk-song" were more popular than those which recounted his strange adventures. These, too, were so stirring in their circum-

stances, and in many instances so startling in their character, that the designer of the "cuts" had no lack of subjects from which to design his pictures. That Robin Hood was a veritable personage I have not in my own mind even the remotest shadow of a doubt, and, indeed, both Hunter and Gutch, the two most reliable authorities on Robin Hood lore, have satisfactorily proved such to be the case. This, however, is a matter on which in this chapter it is not necessary to enter; the woodcuts of some of the ballads relating to the noble outlaw are all I have to do with, and these are "plenty as blackberries."

Some of the Robin Hood ballads are of a general nature; others relate to his prowess in the field, others to his success in the chase; and others again, with his "merry, merry men," to the robbery from some and the giving to others of "needful gold." The localities chiefly commemorated in these ballads are Sherwood Forest and adjoining parts of Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire,

with a part of Yorkshire. In Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire numerous places are named after the hero, and numbers of localities have been, according to tradition, the scenes of his exploits. In the latter county also some of the relatives of his family resided, and of its soil his faithful friend and follower "Little John" is said not only to have been a worthy son, but to have died and been buried at Hathersage, the place of his birth. A very curious ballad, in many respects equally curious in its allusions to localities as the "Lytell Geste" printed by Wynken de Worde, is the one entitled A New Ballad of Robin Hood, showing his Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage, at Titbury Bull-running: Calculated for the Meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent. Of this ballad copies exist in the Roxburghe and Pepys collections, as well as in my own, the woodcuts naturally varying. In the copy in the Roxburghe collection the woodcut (Fig. 20, 2nd paper) occurs; while my own broadsheet bears a far more appropriate design, on which are represented Robin Hood with buckler and quarter-staff, and Clorinda, another name for "Maid Marian," wearing a tall hat, somewhat after the Welsh fashion, and holding a bow in her hand; the entrance to the church in the background. The ballad, which is written as though told by the king of the fiddlers, who played at the wedding, recounts the birth,









parentage, and family connections of the hero; his introduction to his uncle, Squire Gamwell; his prowess at games while there; his meeting with Little John; his visit to Sherwood Forest, and there meeting Clorinda, "the Queen of the Shepherds," whose—

"... gown was of Velvet as green as the Grass, and her Buskin did reach to her Knee, Her Gate it was graceful, her Body was strait and her Countenance free from Pride:

A Bow in her Hand, and Quiver and Arrows, hung dangling by her sweet Side;
Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her Hair, and her Chin was as smooth as Glass;
Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too, sets with Robin Hood such a Lass.

Said Robin Hood, 'Lady fair, whether away, oh whither fair Lady away?'

And she made him Answer, 'to kill a fat Buck, for to-morrow is Titbury! Day.'"

* Continued from page 121, vol. 1878. † For an admirable paper on Robin Hood, by Mr. Gutch, see The Reliquary,

i. pp. 130-143. "Titbury Day" was the day on which the "Minstrels' Court," with its "Bull-

The outlaw, smitten with the maiden, invited her to his "green bower" to rest awhile, and she should have of good

Fig. 24.

running" and other wild amusements, was held. The Minstrels' Court at Tutbury, to which all minstrels living in the counties of Stafford and Derby did service, was presided over by a "King of the Minstrels," who was selected yearly by the four stewards, two of whom were chosen from the minstrels of Derbyshire, and the other two from those of Staffordshire. The court was held before the Stewards of the honour of Tutbury, on the morrow after the Assumption. A deed of "John of Gaunt, King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Lancaster," dated in the fourth of Richard II., confers certain powers on the "King of the Minstrels in our honour of Tutbury," and speaks of service and homage which even then had been performed by the Minstrels "from ancient times." By a later instrument it was ordered "that no person shall use or exercise the art and science of music within the said counties, as a common musician or minstrel, for benefit or gains, except he have served and been brought up in the same art and science by the space of seven years, and be allowed and admitted so to do at the said court by the jury thereof," under certain fines; that he shall not teach or instruct any one for a less time than seven years; and that he shall, under pain of forfeit, appear yearly at the "Minstrels' Court." On the day of holding the court,—"Tutbury Day," as it is called in the ballad,—all the minstrels within the honour came to the Bailiff of the Manor, and proceeded in procession to the parish church, the "King" walking between the Bailiff of the Manor and the Steward of the Minstrels' Court, and attended by his own four Stewards, bearing white wands. From church they proceeded in the same order to the Castle hall, where the "King"

bucks "a brace or a lease in an hour," but on the way there, seeing a number of bucks-

"She chose out the fattest that was in the Herd and she shot him through side and side,"

much to the astonishment of "bold Robin," who declared "by the faith of my body," he never saw woman like her. He immediately after proposed to her, was accepted, and offered to "send for Priest'' that they might be married off-hand:-







Fig. 26.

"But she said, 'It may not be so, gentle Sir, for I must be at Titbury Feast: And if Rebin Hood will go thither with me I'll make him the most welcome guest."

Accordingly they went to Tutbury, had adventures by the way,

met the Minstrels' procession, with the bull and the Morris dancers and singers, "singing Arthur a Bradley" (a ballad whose hero probably takes his origin from Bradley in the same neighbourhood), had a jolly dinner, and then-



Fig. 28 .- Robin Hood and the Bishop.

"When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the Parson
of Dubbridge "was sent for in haste;
He brought his Mass-Book, and he bid them take hands,
and he join'd them in Marriage full fast."

The forester and his bride then returned to his "green bower" in merry Sherwood, when his "merry men" brought garlands and had the inevitable dance and feast.

took his seat, with the Bailiff and Steward on either side. The court was then opened by proclamation ordering that every minstrel dwelling within the honour of Tutbury, either in the counties of Derby, Stafford, Nottingham, Warwick, or Lancaster, should draw near and give his attendance, and that all pleas would be heard, and fines and amercements made. The musicians having been called over by court roll, two juries vere empanelled and charged. The jurors then proceeded to the selection of officers for the ensuing year. The jurors having left the court for the purpose, the King and Stewards partook of a banquet, while the musicians played their best on their respective instruments. On the return of the jurors they presented the new King whom they had chosen from the four Stewards, upon which the old King, rising, delivered to him his wand of office, and drank a cup of wine to his health and prosperity. In like manner the old Stewards saluted, and resigned their offices to their successors. This ended, the court rose, and adjourned to a general banquet in another part of the castle. The sports of the day then commenced by a wild and infuriated bull being turned loose for the minstrels to catch. The bull was thus prepared: his horns were sawn off close to the head; his tail cut off to the stump; his ears cropped; his body

rubbed all over with grease; and his nostrils, to madden him still further, blown full of pepper. While these preparations were being made, the Steward made proclamation that all manner of persons should give way to the bull, no person coming nearer to it than forty feet, except the minstrels, but that all should attend to their own safety, every one at his peril. The bull being then turned out, was to be caught by some one of the minstrels, and no one else, between that hour and sunset on the same day, within the county of Stafford. If he escaped, he remained the property of the person who gave it (formerly the Prior of Tutbury); but if any of the minstrels could lay hold of him so as to cut off a portion of his hair and bring it to the Market Cross, he was caught and taken to the Bailiff, by whom he was fastened with a rope, &c., and then brought to the bull-ring in the High Street, where he was baited by dogs. After this the minstrels could either sell him or divide him amongst themselves. This custom appears to have prevailed from 1377 to 1778, when it was very properly discontinued. The day was one of feasting, revelry, and great excitement for the whole district.

* This was the village of Doveridge close at hand.

A characteristic Robin Hood woodcut is Fig. 1 (1st paper). It is taken from a black-letter ballad, "Renowned Robin Hood," and also from a curious "Robin Hood Garland." The centre figure is the hero himself, the other two probably being Little John and Will Scathlock (or Scarlet). This ballad, says Mr. Chappell, "is indeed a strange invention; it brings Robin Hood down to the reign of Henry VIII., presumably because that king was a great patron of archery. It makes Queen Katharine an accomplice in his robberies, by sharing in the plunder, and to employ this outlaw and his fellows as instruments to win a wager of three hundred tuns of wine, three hundred tuns of beer, and three hundred of the fattest deer, from the unsuspecting king. The bet was, indeed, a right royal one, and no doubt it was thought to be very appropriate, as between a king and a queen." Another cut on the same ballad is Fig. 22, which probably did duty as a representation of Queen Katharine; it is a more than usually interesting example of costume.

Fig. 23, an admirable woodcut, boldly drawn, clearly engraved, and excellent in all its details, is from a black-letter ballad entitled "Robin Hood newly reviv'd, or Robin Hood and the Stranger," which originally formed the first part of "Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John." The "stranger," whose "doublet was of silk," and whose "stockings like scarlet

shone," turned out to be no other than "young Gamwell," "couzen of Robin Hood," being "his own dear sister's son," and the result of the meeting and fray was this discovery, and Robin's taking him into his retinue—a resolution he thus made known to his chief man, Little John:—

".... he shall be a bold yeoman of mine, My chief man next unto thee; And I, Robin Hood, and thou, Little John, And Scarlet, he shall be."

The woodcut evidently represents this redoubtable trio. The same cut occurs at the head of another curious black-letter broadsheet entitled Robin Hood, Will Scadlock [Scarlet], and Little John; or, A Narrative of their Victory obtained against the Prince of Aragon and the two Giants; and how Will Scadlock married the Princess. It recounts the defeat of "the Proud Prince of Aragon" and his two attendant giants, at "London upon the Thames," by this trio; and the Princess's choice of "Will Scadlock," as the one of her deliverers on whom her hand was to be bestowed; the dénouement being that Scadlock ["young Gamwell"] was recognised by his father, "a noble lord," "of Maxfield [Macclesfield], Earl was he," who had thought him "gone, or rather dead," and the whole ending with the wedding and much merriment.







Fig. 29.

Fig. 30

Fig. 31.

The cut (Fig. 26), of a 'Wild Man of the Woods,' was evidently in this ballad intended to convey to the popular mind an idea of the terrible "Goliaths that stood on either side" Aragon's prince.

Figs. 3 (1st paper) and 28 belong to, and are strictly correct illustrations of, the curious early ballad of Robin Hood and the Bishop; showing how Robin Hood went to an Old Woman and changed Cloaths with her, to escape from the Bishop; and how he robb'd him of all his gold, and made him sing a Mass. The first shows the outlaw standing at the "little house" talking to the "old wife" with whom he changed clothes, to avoid being seized by the Bishop and his retinue, who are seen riding in the distance:—

"Then give me soon thy coat of grey, and take thou my mantle of green; Thy spindle and twine unto me resign, and take thou my arrows so keen."

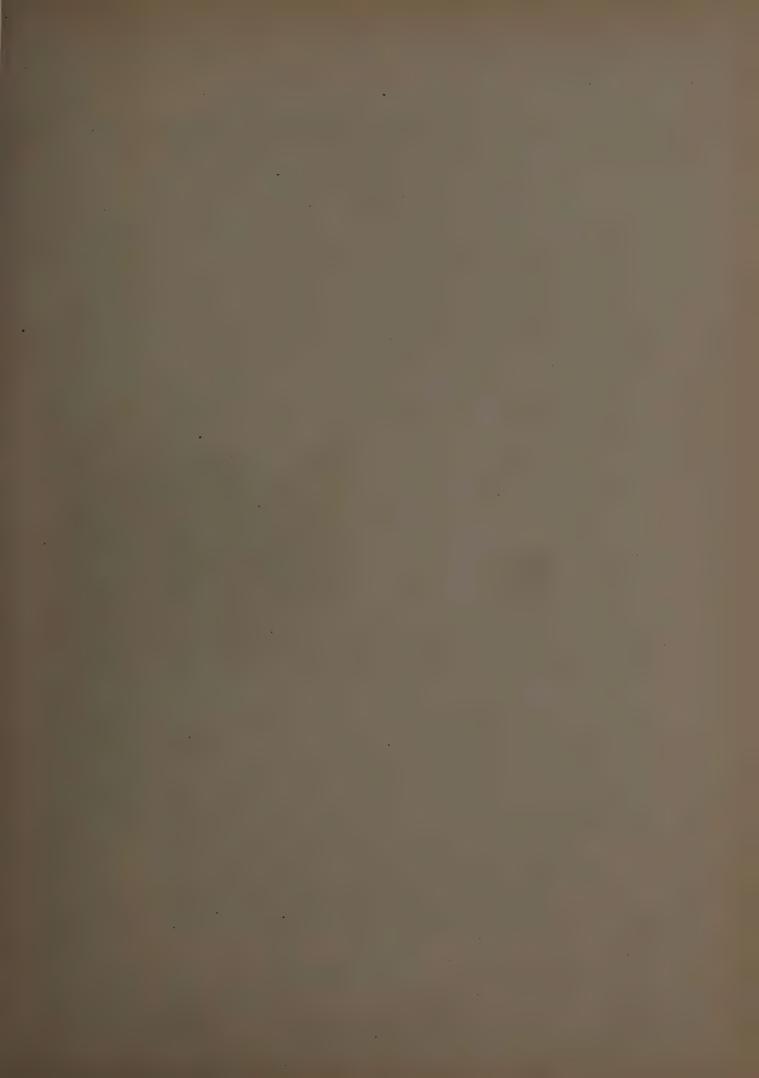
The second cut shows the Bishop, after Robin Hood's stratagem had succeeded, tied "fast to a tree" while Robin himself does the robbing by taking the prelate's

"....... mantle from 's back, and spread it upon the ground, And out of the Bishop's portmantle he soon told five hundred pound." And here let me point out not only the costume of the Bishop, but the fact that each piece of money is marked with the cross, the same as on the pennies of the earlier reigns, which enabled them to be divided by breaking into "four things," or farthings. The cross continued in one form or other to be used on the reverses of coins down to Queen Elizabeth's issues. These are not a tithe of the woodcuts that might be cited as "adorning" the metrical accounts of the "ballad hero's" stirring adventures, but they are characteristic examples, and as such are enough for my present chapter.

Fig. 21 (2nd paper) I have selected from many others as showing two shepherds with their "crooks" and flocks at sunrise or sunset. The crook, it is pleasant to see, is of precisely the same form as still used by shepherds in our own day, and reminds one of the spiritual crook or crosier of prelates, emblematic of their care of the human "flocks" committed to their charge.

Two remarkable cuts specially designed, it will be seen, for illustration of the ballad they adorn, are Figs. 11 and 12 (2nd paper). The original title of the ballad (of which no other copy is known) is missing in the Roxburghe collection, but the gist of it is the old, old story of the father hoarding wealth for his successors, and his spendthrift son wasting it.—"What the Father gathereth by the Rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the Forke."

[To be continued.]





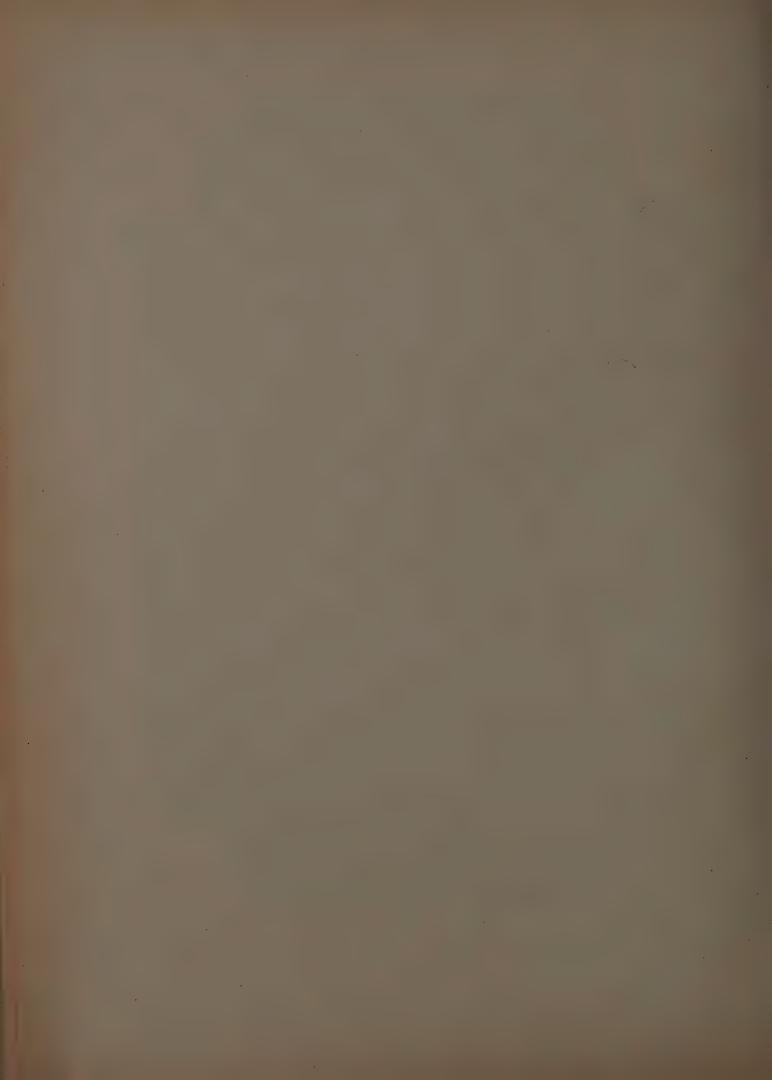
THE GOD OF WINE.

From a Painting by F. BARTH.



THE RIVER'S BOUNTY.

From a Painting by B. KNUEPFER.



'THE GOD OF WINE,' AND 'THE RIVER'S BOUNTY.'



HE beautiful companion-pieces engraved for this number of the Art Journal, by Mr. Linton, and entitled 'The God of Wine' and 'The River's Bounty,' are pleasing not only in themselves, but also as evidences of a new and better epoch in German art. After the war with France, the German painters were stimulated to great activity by

the prevalent abundance of money, but many of the pictures which they produced were, to say the least, no credit to them; and even as late as December of last year we were told that, so great was the stagnation in real Art, that even patriotism itself could find little to praise, "Everywhere a meritorious endeavour is seen to prevail, but at scarcely any of the exhibitions has there been more than mediocre attainment. Domestic genre, both of the senti-mental and mildly humorous description, floods the exhibitions to the almost entire exclusion of historic or poetic subjects." But there is something very poetic in the conception and treatment of 'The God of Wine,' by F. Barth, and 'The River's Bounty,' by Kneupfer; one might venture so far as to say that Rubens himself would have been interested in them. In the former picture, the god of wine, holding in his extended right hand the broad goblet which his young attendant fills to overflowing with the ruby juice, while another cherub-like assistant holds up the heavily-laden vines, and a third pipes a festal song, is a creature much more glad and winning than the traditional obese Bacchus. His face, to be sure, reveals his fondness for potations, but there is no coarseness in the features. Even the eyes, though somewhat dulled, can scarcely be called heavy. The scene is radiant and rich with-

"... Heart-easing mirth Whom lovely Venus at a birth To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;"

while, in the latter picture, are-

" Jest and youthful jollity, Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,"

as the bright little offspring of Neptune, shall we say?—one of them seems to have stolen his father's trident—drag in the net filled with fine fish, and bear away a basketful in triumph.

Mr. Linton's translation of these pictures will not fail to impress

itself upon the casual spectator. His success in the reproduction and treatment of flesh in his wood-engravings, very generally recognised though it is, has not often been more pronounced than in the present instance-the limbs and breast of the youthful god of wine being very noticeable examples. One sometimes wonders, while in the presence of this engraver's most conspicuous successes, whether or not Mr. Linton would be equal to the task of giving to the world an adequate translation of such a work as Leonardo's celebrated portrait, 'La Joconde,' in the gallery of the Louvre. The attempt to translate it into black-and-white has been made scores of times, by perhaps the best engravers in Europe, but nobody, we venture to say, who has seen the original, has ever seen an engraving of it which really pleased him—which did not, on the contrary, cause him involuntarily to shut his eyes in order that the lovely image cherished in his memory might stand out more boldly, disconnected with this and every other copy of it. Perhaps it would be impossible to make a worthy engraving after 'La Joconde;' but, if it were possible, Mr. Linton's successes in many arduous encounters point to him as one fit to make the trial. The difficulties of a fine rendering of colour in black-andwhite are so great, the proper treatment especially of contours and masses is so rare, and the production of tones at once delicate and rich makes such draughts upon the resources of good workman-ship, that a first-rate engraver is almost as scarce a phenomenon as a first-rate painter. Not only must his eye be sensitive to the influences of local colour and tone, but his heart must be actively, and his hand capably, enlisted in the work of translating them.

The face of the principal child in 'The River's Bounty' is perhaps slightly too oldish in expression, but this criticism applies primarily, doubtless, to the painting rather than to the engraving. The variety in the types of the heads is noticeable, the composition of the pictures is exceedingly happy, and the execution brilliant. The ordinary faults of monotony, affectation, and mannerism, do not appear.

The painters, B. Kneupfer and F. Barth, are comparatively young German artists, whose works are well known in Berlin. The former's latest picture is 'Götz of Berlichingen,' and the latter's latest picture, 'Tasso and the Two Eleonores,' which obtained a very considerable success. Mr. Barth recently painted, also, 'The Choice of the Caskets,' a scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

FRENCH PICTURES IN LONDON.



T the French Gallery, London, there is a painting by Gérôme entitled 'An Eastern Woman,' which is described as a good example of the painter's technical powers, but it has no pretensions to represent his dramatic or his pathetic vein. In one respect this figure of a woman leaning against the stone doorway of a house, her arm behind her head, a diaphanous veil pressed by the breeze close to her face and figure,

both of which are distinctly visible through them, while her lower limbs are clad in a petticoat of rich crimson colour, may be called an impersonation of lewdness; and such is the impression made by the face and general air of the woman. The veils cover but do not hide her tawny skin; the green one imparts, as might be extended a discrepable limitages to the head and as a might be expected, a disagreeable lividness to the hard and metallic carnations; the black veil serves a better purpose, but even here, and hardly less so in the naked arms, the dull lustreless flesh of M. Gérôme is displayed unpleasantly. It is quite devoid of that inner gold which glows through the dusky carnations of Titian and the softer greys of Correggio. The solid modelling, sound but not refined drawing, the animated attitude, the vitalised aspect of the figure as a whole, are present in this, as in all M. Gérôme's works. A painting by M. A. de Neuville, styled 'Le Bourget, Octobre 30, 1870,' represents the climax of the defence of a church by a small

body of French against an overwhelming force of Prussians, who had to bring artillery to shatter the walls and pierce the doors before the defenders were compelled to yield. Surrender they did at last, but they made the invaders pay dearly for their victory. M. de Neuville has often told the tale of French heroism during the war, but he never did so with more spirit and energy than in this instance. As a picture, this example exhibits the firmness of hand and mastery over details, that rare skill in dealing with accessories and costume which have never failed M. de Neuville since the days of the "Voie Ferrée," and all his tact of illustration to boot. But it needs force of chiaroscuro, or ordering of colour, and light, and shadow, so as to bring its elements in masses, and broaden the shadow, so as to bring its elements in masses, and broaden the effect; of effect, in the artistic sense of the term, this painting has next to none. 'A Halberdier,' by M. Meissonier, standing, pike in hand, in a guard-room, has too much the appearance of having been, so to say, "done on purpose." Like most of his productions, this is an inestimable gem in its way, and quite beyond price according to its own standard, and yet it lacks many of the qualities which are essentially pictorial. It is exactly what Teniers aimed at in those pictures of his which compare best with it. As firm and clear and crisp as the Dutchman's works, this miniature is far more solid, more searchingly wrought than they are; equal to them in colour, better in atmosphere, and not inferior in character.

NORWAY.*

(Conclusion.)

CHAPTER XXIV.



E are drawing near to the end of our tether, and much as we love home, there is not the same buoyancy about the return, however happy or successful the trip may have been, as there is about the start; for the latter is an important event, teeming with hope and expectancy, from the couleur-de-rose descriptions of friends who have preceded us, and who have heartily enjoyed the recapitulation of their adventures, narrow escapes, and temporary deprivations. But it is very different with the end of a journey. There is something of the Ichabod in it; and yet we know not why there should be, for, if it has been one of danger, we ought to be thankful that it is over; and if, on the contrary, it has been productive of pleasant associations, we should still be thankful, inasmuch as it will prove a bright spot to fall back

upon and refresh ourselves with when wearied in after-life. So we will not be depressed at the end of our trip to "Gamle Norge;" we would rather think of all the kindnesses of the people, the grand scenery of the coast, the combinations of sea-rock façade and snow, and learn a lesson of contentment and Christian love from the bonders and their happy families.

Having overcome this very natural feeling of regret that our holiday is over, let us, in conclusion, notice a few leading characteristics of the country which have been unnoted as we passed through it. Its geology is most characteristic, its wood-carving has great individuality, its old silver also, while in variety of climate it stands alone.

Let us, then, take a general view of the geological formation. Any one specially interested in this subject should study the "Geologisk oversigtskart over det Sydlige Norge," 1858 to 1865, by Theodore Kjerulf og Tellef Dahll; but for others a general idea

1. Gneiss predominates in the Romsdal and Sneehættan districts; also north and south of Sogne Fjord, running down to the entrance of Hardanger.

2. Granite predominates in the south in large areas up to the Voring Foss, and in detached portions in Vestranden towards Trondhjem. Christiansand is granite.

3. Sparagmit fjeldets (Norsk) is found in Central Norway. This is a conglomerate of red sandstone, and sometimes called red and grey sparagmite.

4. Trondhjem quartz in the north, really hard schist; not found south of the Doore Fjeld.

5. Syenite and porphyry round Christiania.

Labrador stone occurs west of Lindernæs, in the south, at Ekersund on the west coast, below Stavanger, round the Galdhopiggen (the highest point in Norway), and northeast of Fortun, in the Sogne Fjord.

The whole of this surface bears record of the immense extent and effect of the glacial period of Norway. The valleys show the glacial set as distinctly as does the tide in large rivers, the greatest attrition and scoriation being in the concaves going down. Huge bastions of rocks † have been rounded and ground down by con-

* Continued from page 328, vol. 1878. † See the rocks of Steensund, on the west coast: these are conglomerate.

stant attrition, and vast terraces of sand at the end of each valley are the result of this attrition accumulating for ages. It would be very interesting to analyze and find the component parts of these immense deposits. Certain it is there is no natural sandy soil above, and, as we have before mentioned, when reindeer-hunting we have found huge boulders of thirty or forty feet at an elevation of 5,000 feet, with smaller ones of a different formation resting on them. Now all this has been brought about by the influence of the gulf-stream; when the gulf-stream took this course the glacial period ceased in Norway. That epoch none can tell. It will be sufficient to notice the result, which is this: when the polar current from Spitzbergen runs down the west coast of the Atlantic, and produces the great fogs off Newfoundland, the gulf-stream, driven up from the Gulf of Florida by the force of the great caldron of the equator, strikes on to our west coast and the coast of Norway, running up to the North Cape; in fact, the only timber to be obtained there is the driftwood from the West Indies, and at Hammerfest casks of palm-oil have been washed up from Cape Lopez Point in Africa. In Iceland, too, as Professor Ericker Magnussen informs us, the bridges are made of mahogany. Not that bridges are frequent in that country; but those which they have are made from the logs washed up there. This accounts for the variety of temperature which the two boundaries of Norwaythe gulf-stream on the west, and Sweden on the east-present, latitude, the average temperature at the former is 46° 8', and at the latter 41° 5'; the summer average is about the same; but in the winter months Christiania is often 13° colder than Bergen. Hence there may be skating at Christiania, while there is none at all at Bergen, where the average annual rainfall is seventy-two inches, which, by-the-way, is lower than that in our English lakes.

			Mean Temperature.				
				Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Christiania	٠			+ 25°	+ 38°	+ 60°	+ 42°
Bergen .				+ 36	+ 45	+ 58	+ 48
Trondhjem				+ 24	+ 35	+ 61	+ 40
North Cape		٠		+ 24	+ 30	+ 42	+ 32

The mean temperature at North Cape is 32°, the greatest cold



Lutheran Priest, with the Frill as now worn.

arising from northeast winds. Thunder-storms occur in winter,

while west winds cause dense fogs.

At the conclusion of Forbes's "Norway" will be found a most interesting map, with isothermal lines passing through those places

which have the same temperature in the months of January and July; and it is very striking to notice that the July temperature of the north of Ireland and Edinburgh is maintained through Norway as far as the Arctic Circle, when it begins to deflect to the eastward, where the gulf-stream's influence ceases.

Again, the waterfalls are a great feature of this country. Some one has depicted Norway thus TITI, and the Alps thus . There is much truth in this. The valleys running down to the fjords produce immense precipices, down which rush the many waters of the high plateaux of 3,000 or 4,000 feet; and in some parts these falls are strengthened by the waters of the vast stretch of sneebræden, or snow-fields, of

which the Justedal and the Folgefond are the most extensive.

The casual observer, looking at the map of Norway, would think it well populated, but a few years ago its inhabitants numbered hardly more than one-fourth those of London and its subtress.

The names on the map frequently represent mere statement of the statement of tions, farms, præste-gaarden, or rectories, and villages are seldom seen. As in Scotland, the farmer takes the name of his land. In



Stabur and Wooden Tankards.

fact, Norway and Scotland are very closely allied to each other in

many respects.
From the Runic downward, the wood-carving of Norway stands alone for distinctive characteristics, and is still carried on in every variety by means of the simple national tolle-knife, which is ready for everything.

The lintels and carvings of the "staburs," or store-houses, in Thelemarken have been already shown, but the most interesting specimens are found in churches, where the tortuous lines are full of originality and power of design. Serpents are ever-present and

ever-varying, the museums being rich in specimens of this ecclesiastical class of work. Wood, and birch especially, is used for every kind of domestic utensil, and ornamentation is very generally introduced. Some of the old horse-collars are beautiful, and are sometimes painted; tankards are richly carved; spoons pro-fusely so; and on some occasions the bridegroom, if he be very expert, prepares a double spoon for the bride and bridegroom, wherewith to eat their porridge simultaneously. Drinking-bowls,

^{*} Population of Norway, 1,150,000.

salt-boxes, mangel-stoks, are all carved; and this art is much encouraged by the long winter evenings.

The old silver of Norway is so large a subject that a series of illustrations would be necessary to do justice to the matter; but



The Stolkjær and Boat.

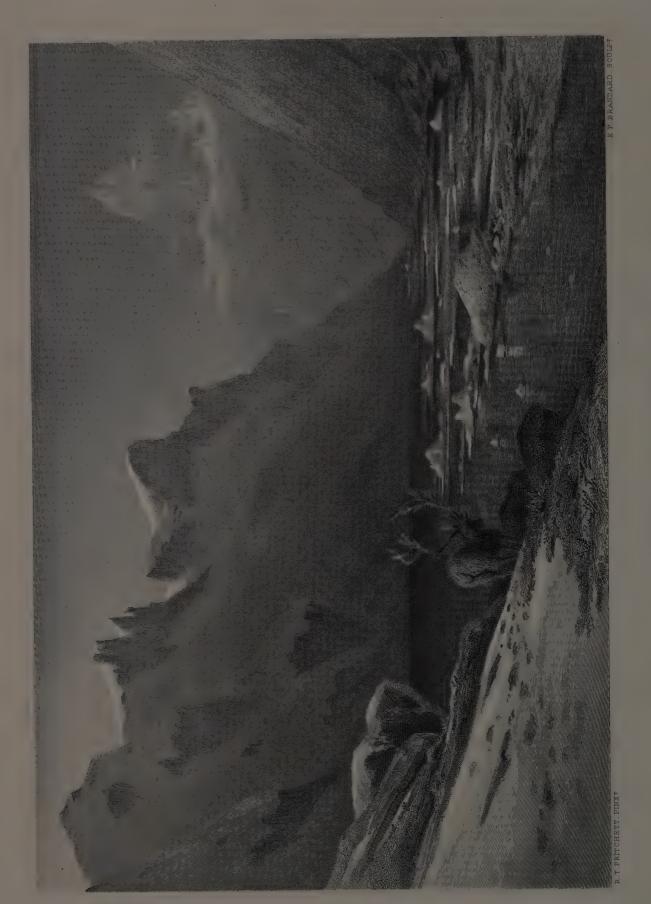
its day is fast passing away. The peasants and fishermen have when they wondered what new thing they could have made in the found new outlets for their earnings, and the time has gone by precious metal; in fact, electro-plate is now invading Gamle Norge.



Hitterdal Church: Sunday Morning.

May the bonders select the blessings of civilisation, and eschew its | the kind welcome which we have so often experienced never deevils! May their home happiness and love be ever-increasing, and crease in heartiness! For a time farewell.





ICEBERG LAKE, ISTERDAL.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

IX

WE present here three fine examples of the productions of the firm of LEROLLES, which has long taken high rank



tics of its special style. The designs are by first-class artists, while modelling, moulding, chiselling, and finish all combine to

among the bronze-masters of Paris. It has had a descent of four generations, and seems to progress in the fine artistic characteris-



evince the skill and knowledge that have come from long and continued experience.



POTTER'S WORK .- (Continued.)

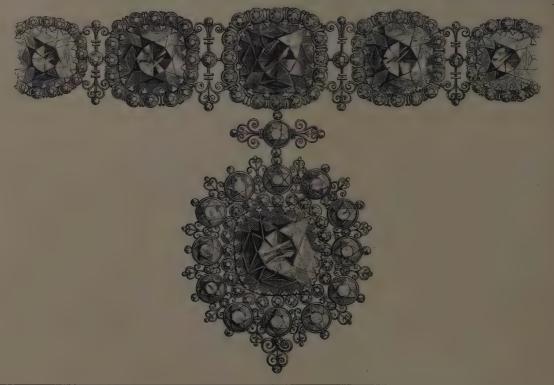
THE south porch of the Fine-Art Courts is also covered with subjects in faience; there is a mixture of moulded and painted work, both of high class. The great door in the centre and the space about it are decorated after a design by M. Paul Sédille,

architect, which is much admired, and the execution by M. Jules Læbnitz, of Paris, is worthy of it. The door-casing is composed of panels of band-work ornament of great boldness and beauty, superbly brilliant in white set off by a small amount of green and gold; and around this are charming ornamental courses. The frieze is painted, from a design by the eminent M. E. Lévy, by a

The firm of ROUVENAT, jewellers, is among the leading artistmanufacturers in that branch of Art. Among other treasures are some splendid varieties ."got up" for the Shah of Persia. Of these, the leading objects are a Necklace and a Pendant of rarest



diamonds, tinged with a delicate yellow hue, and cased in with precious pearls. They are of immense intrinsic value, but that is, enhanced by remarkably appropriate and beautiful settings.



young artist, M. L. Meyer, his pupil. Over the frieze is a fine bust of Apollo, by another young artist, M. Allard, who was a winner of the Grand Prix de Rome for painting. On the right and left hand are medallions, modelled after famous antique cameos, by a celebrated sculptor, M. Chapu. Other ornamentation is supplied by another artist, M. Chedeville. This noble door attracts much attention, and will doubtless be the precursor of many other works of the same class.

The side arches have their upper halves enriched with other ceramic-work: on the left hand is a reproduction in faience, sober-

ly coloured, by M. Virdent, of Toulouse, of the 'Crowning of the Virgin,' after the picture in the Louvre by Fra Angelico. On the other side is a work by M. Gillet, of Paris, including a portion of a celebrated frieze, 'Holy Confessors,' by Flandrin, in the church of St. Vincent de Paul, and a grand head of Poetry, after Raphael. This porch altogether presents a noble page of ceramic Art.

The works of Creil-Montereau supply another remarkable panel,

measuring twenty-four to twenty-five feet in length, and fifteen or sixteen in height. Like the preceding, it is made up of squares, but the general aspect is different; the glaze is not brilliant—the M. A. BLANQUI, a distinguished ebeniste of Marseilles, supplies us with two



examples of his skill as a designer and manufacturer: the one is a Cabinet com-



posed of various woods, the other a Table of walnut-wood. Both are truly excellent specimens of Art production.

The name of T. A. LIE, of Christiania, Norway, has been conspicuous in several exhibi-



tions. His renown is sustained at Paris in Of his principal works we engrave 1878.



three reproductions of old models, two Tankards and a Drinking Horn. They are of silver



gilt, highly effective specimens of Art workmanship, though perhaps somewhat elaborate.

surface, in fact, is rather rough, and consequently the effect is more like some kind of tapestry than tile-work, and fortunately, if accidental, which we doubt, especially as the roughness does not appear in the sky, the result is admirable. The subject, which is by M. Knitjenbrowe, a known artist, is composed of two colossal Burgraves of the time of the Renaissance, sitting back to back, surrounded by dogs and all kinds of objects appertaining to the chase, each of them looking out upon a landscape composed of the state of them block are completely will be set to be a possible to the state of them block are completely will be set to the state of them. valley and forest, in which are seen houses, wild beasts, and hunters: over all is a clear and beautiful sky. The composition is

probably derived from some Flemish story. It is a remarkable work, and would make a fine decoration in a grand old hall.

GLASS ORNAMENTATION.

ORNAMENTAL glass must be recorded as one of the grand triumphs of the Exhibition of 1878. At the previous one, held on the same spot, the show was large and fine: this year it is immense and magnificent. In 1867 the colour of the British glass was admitted to be unapproached; our neighbours have since made conONE of the most striking examples of Pianos in the British section we here engrave: it is a "Grand Cottage" in the purest Early

English style, exhibited by Messrs. CHALLEN and SON, of London. The case is of satin-wood, and very exquisitely inlaid with designs



of flowers, birds, music, &c. The mouldings are gilt, and the top is surmounted with an ebony gallery; the whole is in good taste, and

is a fine specimen of Art-work. There are more elaborate pianocases in the Exhibition, but none of more true artistic character.

siderable improvement in their fine crystal, but England still stands preëminent for splendour. Other glass is pure in colour, but the finest British flint-glass has a brilliancy that appears nowhere else: it is like petrified spring-water or rock-crystal.

it is like petrified spring-water or rock-crystal.

The next point to be noted is form: any shapes more ill suited to glass than those which were in vogue not very many years since could scarcely have been invented—decanters, glasses, salt-cellars, straight, square, or squat, with outlines as rectangular and as rigid as cast-iron. The beautiful reflections of fine cut glass were evident to every observer: the love of the beauty of pure form had to be acquired, and thus scarcely an inch of surface was left intact. Well-cut glass is a very beautiful object; there are chandeliers in

the Exhibition which almost vie with the priceless lustres formed of rock-crystal, modern examples of which, it may be mentioned, are exhibited by M. Barbedienne and others; but elaborately cut glass is disquieting to the eye; there is that painful want of repose when much of it is present that is felt in a room of which the walls are all covered with looking-glass. The present Exhibition contains many examples of old-fashioned cut glass; but, generally speaking, where cutting is employed, it is introduced with a much more sparing hand, and with a great deal more taste, than it formerly was. Applied to the under surface of such articles as fruit-dishes, reflections in pure crystal glass almost vie with the diamond, and brilliancy is thus obtained without glare. Here and

The house of BLOT and DROUARD holds permanent rank among the bronzists of Paris. The figures they produce are

first-class examples of sculpture, some of them being works by the well-known artists Carrière-Belleuse and Dumaigre. Those

we engrave on this page are adaptations of the now universally patronised products of Japan. It will be seen that the Vases



and Jardinière are imitations of the beautiful creations of hand and mind in that fruit-land of originality, and often of



beauty. These specimens show great breadth of form, in combination with singular delicacy of detail. Europe, as well as this

country, is perhaps overdone by productions of this class; yet they have much aided the Art-manufacturers of both countries.

there a little cutting of coloured glass on white produces charming effects, and bosses, stoppers, and other ornaments, cut in facets, are highly effective. But, generally speaking, cutting has given way before engraving, and even before pure forms, absolutely without any ornamentation. To take the most familiar instance, a bulb-shaped wineglass in thin crystal—a verre de mousseline, as our friends here call it—is one of the most beautiful of man's handiworks, and, when surrounded with a simple engraved line, a few stars, a crest, or only a cipher, it is a true objet d'Art. It is natural that the tables of the noble and wealthy should be decked

with more elaborate services, but such a glass as that just referred to is a type of elegance.

In connection with cutting we must say a few words on imitation cut—that is to say, moulded—glass. Much of the common moulded glass we meet with is so painfully ugly that we could almost wish the art of moulding in glass had never been discovered or thought of; but there are specimens in the French collection in which not only is the pattern selected appropriate to the purpose, but the moulding is so admirable as to pass for cutting with most observers. In one instance the body and the cover of a

We devote a second page to the works of FLACHAT ET CO-CHET, cabinet-makers of Lyons. They consist of a Table and the and are designed to represent a period. The manufacturers are



themselves artists, a great advantage, which the fabricants of competitors of com

competitors of other nations. But this is a reproach that is ra-



liqueur-case, or cave, are each moulded in one piece, and mounted with an ormolu rim and hinges: this cave is probably fifteen inches long and eight inches deep, and the glass seemed to be without a flaw. Perhaps the most remarkable cutting exhibited is in the immense collection of the Baccarat Works, and in a superb chandelier by Messrs. Osler, with S-shaped arms six feet long.

But, whether it be in the French, the Austrian, British, or other court, the first fact that meets the eye is the enormous progress that has been made in the general forms. When once glass designers turned their eyes towards Greek and old Italian forms, the

reform was only a matter of time; and how the barrel and ringnecked decanters, presenting in profile a curved zigzag or irregular staircase mounted on a pedestal, could have been tolerated after the amphoræ of the Greeks, the Barberini vase, and a thousand other exquisite though simple forms had been unearthed and exhibited to the world at large, passes comprehension. The amphora and the Venetian bottle had become standard forms with manufacturers, and designers had applied and modified them with more or less success for some years, until there had arisen apparently a craving for something different, and the novelties are numerous.

We engrave on this page a Cabinet exhibited by Messrs. JOHN-STONE, JEANES and Co., of London. It is an admirable specimen

of workmanship, wrought with skill in every part, and as perfect in details as it is as a whole. It is of satin-wood, richly and



elaborately inlaid with various coloured woods harmoniously contrasted. The vase and pendants at the top of the pediment are

fine specimens of minute carving, as are several other portions of the work.

Signor Salviati and others have long produced imitations and adaptations of Venetian forms and decoration, and there is a marked improvement of late in their productions. Some French manufacturers have adopted square and other angular forms, evidently borrowed from Chinese and Japanese porcelain, and scarcely suited to glass. Messrs. Webb's Art manager, Mr. O'Fallon, has produced admirable examples in Gothic and Celtic styles, and the jury has awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur to the firm. The forms are simple and good, and in the latter case highly-appropriate metal mountings are introduced, and both are superbly engraved. M. Lobmeyr, the famous Viennese glass-manufacturer, and the Bohemian manufacturers, seem intent on the improvement of the forms

to which they have long been wedded, except in the case of small wares.

Before entering upon the subject of glass-engraving, it should be stated, for those who are not initiated into such matters, that glass-cutting is performed with wheels of various sizes, shapes, and materials, continually supplied with fine sand and water, the work being afterwards polished by means of wooden or other wheels, dressed with Tripoli or other polishing-powder; while glass-engraving is executed with the same apparatus as that used by the gem-engraver or cameo-cutter—a small steel wheel revolving as in a lathe, dressed with oil and fine emery-powder, the work being left dull or polished, as above. In each case the wheels are

Of the carved Art works of GEORGE ALFRED ROGERS we give examples. They are pure and beautiful specimens of Art, both



in design and execution. The artist has found many patrons: I his productions are, to the full, appreciated, and his ad-



mirable works are making their way into the best mansions of

Great Britain. But Mr. Rogers was educated in a good school.

set in motion by means of a treadle. The design is traced on the glass, dressed for that purpose with a mixture of whiting and gum, to guide the engraver's eye and hand. There is another kind of so-called engraving, really etching, which is effected by means of an acid: the glass is covered with wax, the design is traced through it, and finally fluoric acid is applied, which corrodes the glass wherever it is unprotected.

A few years since a process of engraving on glass with sand was introduced, which consisted of acting on the surface by means of fine, sharp, silver sand propelled with considerable force by a

blower or other means. The sand being blown with force through a narrow slit, and the glass being laid upon a table, and passed at a moderate but steady pace beneath the slit, had its whole surface uniformly ground—that is to say, roughened—by the action of the sand. In order to produce ornamentation, a pattern, like a stencil-plate, cut out in cardboard, wood, or metal, was laid on a sheet of glass, and the latter being brought under the action of the sand as above described, the whole of the unprotected portion became ground, while the surface beneath the pattern remained





THE LADY IN "COMUS"

ENGRAVED BY W.ROFFE, FROM THE STATUS BY J.D. CRITTENDEN

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

LEAVING HOME.

(Frontispiece.)

F. Holl, A.R.A., Painter.

C. H. JEENS, Engraver.



HERE are few places of public resort presenting more numerous and a greater variety of materials for the study of incident and character than a great railway-station: it is at certain times of the day a vast field of observation wherein one sees much that is manifest to all, while imagination suggests to the mind even more, which may

take any form of good or ill that thought may prompt or indicate. Mr. Frith, in his large and well-known picture, has made good use of the materials supplied by the bustle and excitement of such a scene; and Mr. Holl, acting under more circumscribed limits, has availed himself of a similar opportunity, only he has been contented with what appears to be the representation of the temporary occupants of a platform at some country railway-station, instead of following Mr. Frith's example, and showing the vast area of a metropolitan terminus. But even in this contracted sphere of operation there is much to which fancy may give birth; and, first, the idea at once occurs, that of the four leading characters seated on the bench, there is not one but looks unhappy, for even the old farmer, who in all probability is not "leaving home" forever, certainly does not seem to be in a felicitous condition of mind; the soldier seated next to him, whose furlough has expired, and who is compelled to return to his quarters, is loth to separate from his wife or sister—for she may be either—and he looks very miserable at the prospect before him. And then there is the young and ladylike woman, whose dress indicates, in some degree, her lonely condition; she has opened her purse, evidently not too plentifully furnished, and is counting out the money it contains after paying the cost of the ticket to her place of destination: so that whatever value attaches to the picture, it unquestionably is not suggestive of lively thoughts. In the background, or partially so, is the ticket-collector examining the passes of a couple of troopers making their way to the platform. The original picture was in the English collection at the Paris Exhibition.

ICEBERG LAKE.

R. T. PRITCHETT, Painter.

E. P. BRANDARD, Engraver.

THIS engraving, from a painting by the English artist Pritchett, expresses the solitary grandeur of the scene it depicts with marked success. The lofty peak in the distance, crossed by drifting clouds, the snow-covered cliffs with rugged outcropping rock, the lake with

its floating masses of ice, the lonely stag whose breath freezes in the crisp air—all these make up a picture that is fairly profound in its solemn and dreary isolation. The painter has intensified this effect of impressive solitude by the introduction of a single living figure. No birds are in the air, on the rocks, or upon the water; nothing anywhere indicates that the ice-bound lake ever resounds to sounds of life, save the deer at the water's edge, and he looks as if he were a part of the solitude—as if he had wandered from his fellows in order to complete the scene as a picture of desolate grandeur. The composition will impress every one as strong, simple, and full of poetic suggestiveness.

THE LADY IN "COMUS."

Engraved by W. Roffe, from the Sculpture by J. D. CRITTENDEN.

THE statue of 'The Lady in "Comus" is by the late Mr. Crittenden, a gifted English sculptor, who died in April, 1877. It represents "the lady" uttering the long soliloquy when searching for her brothers in the wood, and was suggested by the following passage:—

"I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are.but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And cast a gleam over this tufted grove;
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off."

She begins to sing-

"Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen Within thy aery shell."

Milton's "Comus," Scene 1.

"The expression of the face is suggestive of quiet confidence in the "Supreme Good" amid the darkness that overshadows, and the unseen dangers which may be around her. The action of the left arm is not very intelligible with respect to the situation and circumstances, but both arms are made useful in the arrangement of the drapery, which is so disposed throughout as to give, in the richness and amplitude of its folds and their graceful disposition, far more of a pictorial than a statuesque character to the figure; and this seems to have been the aim of the sculptor, and so far he has succeeded in his object.

THE PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

V

THE ITALIAN PICTURES.



HE Italian Art-section at the Paris Exhibition, while to a certain extent disappointing, has nevertheless enjoyed a marked preëminence over other national displays of a more even degree of excellence, on account of the genius of two artists, namely, Pasini and De Nittis, the former being the winner of one of the Medals of Honour.

No fewer than eleven paintings attest the power of his genius, but scarcely its versatility, as they all represent Eastern scenes or episodes of Eastern life. Most of them have already become familiar to the Parisian public, having adorned the walls of the succeeding

Salons for year's past. The 'Promenade in the Garden of the Harem' is probably the most striking and characteristic of the group. It represents a band of Oriental beauties under the guidance of their negro slaves, pacing languidly beneath their cumbrous draperies in the shadow of a lofty wall pierced with lattices. Amid a cluster of trees in the foreground a eunuch stands on guard with a drawn sword. The richness of tropical verdure, the glare of the tropical sun, flush the canvas into a deep and gemike radiance. Very fine, too, in its blended effects of colour is the 'Clothes-Market at Constantinople,' the variegated piles of garments lending a singular and admirably-managed variety of tint to the foreground. Pasini resembles Gérôme in the loving fidelity wherewith his brush reproduces the details of Oriental architecture

and scenery, the richness of Oriental colouring, the splendour of the Oriental sun. But while he is a less conscientious draughtsman than is his great French rival, there are more breadth in his execution and more warmth in his colouring. He is Gérôme with a

dash of Fortuny.

De Nittis, instead of devoting his pencil to the picturesque but hackneyed themes of the East, has chosen to reproduce the busy scenes of the streets of Paris and of London. He is the Bonnat of those two cities, catching the subtle peculiarities of their atmosphere and their daily life with the same accuracy and vigour wherewith the king of French portrait-painters reproduces the characteristics of his sitters' features and expression. Take, for instance, his view of the 'Place des Pyramides.' The season is winter, the hour sunset. Against the sky, flecked with pale gleams of fitful gold, rises the end pavilion of the Louvre, its network of scaffolding standing out sharply against the cloudy background. The Rue de Rivoli is full of life and animation; carriages, pedestrians, orange-women with well-filled barrows, pass to and fro over the pavement glistening with wet, while the statue of Jeanne d'Arc shows darkly against the sunset-lighted sky. Then his picture cf the Green Park at London is suffused with all the vague and tender sweetness of an English spring. The trees, clothed in their first pale verdure, are touched with gleams of pallid gold, beneath a sky veiled with a mist pellucid as a bridal veil. In the immediate foreground a young girl floats down the river in a bark, and watches the rippled waters as the mimic waves expand behind the boat over the smooth surface of the stream. A black swan hurries after with upraised head. The charm and poetry of the season and the scene are represented with exquisite grace and fidelity.

The view of 'Canon Bridge, City,' shows a characteristic scene

on the Thames, beneath the yellow gloom of a London fog. The spectator is supposed to be standing beneath the bridge, whose low, broad expanse occupies the foreground. The dense mass of smoke emitted by a steamboat, that has apparently just passed, fills all the under surface of the bridge with its voluminous black coils. The river beneath shows leaden-hued and sullen. A familiar effect is this, yet strange to Art, and striking from its very strangeness. Less realistic and more poetic, yet as vividly characteristic of the atmosphere and life of London, is the 'View of Westminster.' Westminster Bridge occupies the foreground, with a group of workingmen lounging over the parapet, and foot-passengers passing to and fro, all these personages being admirable reproductions of the types of the lower life of London. In the background, vast and vaguely beautiful, the abbey and the towers of the Houses of Parliament show dimly through the yellow fog. Then in strong contrast we find, hanging near, the 'Road to Brindisi,' the glowing blue sky of an Italian summer, suffused with heat and light, above a white, glaring road, over whose level expanse a carriage is slowly passing. In all, De Nittis exhibits thirteen works, all of them bearing the same impress of fidelity of

reproduction and power of execution.

Didioni's 'For Reasons of State' shows Napoleon in the act of quitting Josephine after informing her of his resolution to seek a divorce. The unhappy empress, overcome with grief, has sunk half fainting on a chair, and presses her handkerchief to her eyes. Her daughter, Queen Hortense, stands beside her, and casts a glance of blended pain and indignation at the retreating form of Napoleon, just visible through the open door. The artist has contrived to lend to this figure, thus seen from behind, an expression of selfish determination and resolute will, whereof the emperor's very movements are eloquent. The colouring of this picture is a singular and successful tour de force. In Whistler's somewhat affected phraseology it might be called "a symphony in green," the hangings, the carpet, the furniture of the palace-room wherein the scene transpires, being all in tones of bluish-green, whereof the effect is heightened by Hortense's robe of yellow-green satin, while the cream-white satin of the dress of the empress lends a needful contrast. Queen Hortense is very lovely with shining, golden hair and delicate features.

'How will it end?' is the title of a spirited scene of peasant-life by Moradel. A bronzed Neapolitan fisherman, his white teeth gleaming in a mirthful smile, leans over the shoulder of a handsome peasant-girl and whispers some easily-guessed secret in her ear. She laughs, too, and listens, not displeased, glancing backward at the speaker whose dusky locks contrast with her own

tresses of ruddy brown, as he bends towards her. The question of the title is wholly unnecessary—evidently the stalwart suitor will not woo in vain. Very carefully painted is Rotta's 'Days that are no more,' representing an aged crone who sits beside her bureau, and from its open drawers has brought forth relics of her girlish finery. She spreads out a bodice of red satin and looks at it regretfully. Her wrinkled face with its grey locks and

keen dark eyes is extremely well rendered.

There are few good portraits in the Italian Art-department, those of the young king and his fair Margherita having all the stiffness and lifelessness of official portraits in general. That of Gambetta, too, falls far short of being an accurate or spirited likeness. The portrait of a well-known American beauty, by Bompiani, is decidedly the best work in this line that Italy has to show. It is a three-quarter length, and represents the lady in a white-satin ball-dress embroidered with white jet. A scarf of paleblue gauze is thrown carelessly around her, and she holds a fan of brilliantly-hued plumage in one hand, while resting the other in the folds of an opera-cloak of a pale-grey tint embroidered with gold and silver, which is thrown over the back of a chair. The head, with its delicate features, dark, lustrous eyes, and crown of black braided tresses, and the graceful lines of the neck and shoulders, are admirably reproduced, as is also the general air of refinement and distinction that is so hard to put upon canvas. The colouring is at once delicate and glowing, the pose is natural, and the artist has shown conclusively that he knows not only how to paint a likeness but how to represent a lady.

Castiglione has sent to the Exhibition only the two large pictures that were shown at the Centennial Exhibition, namely, his 'Haddon Hall' and 'Villa Frascati,' his 'Othello' not being finished in time to be sent in. His talent has made considerable progress since he painted these really fine pictures, some three years ago, and he would have done well to have shown some examples of his later work. By the strength and finish of his execution he seems more affiliated with the French school than with that of his native land. Induno's 'Victor Emmanuel laying the Corner-Stone of the Gallery at Milan' is a good specimen of official painting; the portraits of the principal personages are striking likenesses, the grouping is well managed, and the representation of the scene is altogether

atisfactory

Apart from the paintings of Pasini and De Nittis, we must not seek for the artistic triumphs of Italy at the Exhibition among her pictures. Those are rather to be found amid the statuary of her Art-department. She has sent many fine works in that line of Art, and has been hailed as the possessor of one of the grandest of the great chefs-d'œuvre of the Exhibition in the shape of the 'Jenner' of Monteverde. The title of that noble work ought rather to have been 'The First Vaccination,' The great con-queror of the small-pox holds his little son, a nude and lovely infant, upon his knees. With bent brow and intent expression he draws the child to his breast with one hand, while with the other he directs the point of his lancet towards the dimpled shoulder. The contrast between the eager intentness on the father's face and the smiling unconsciousness of the baby boy is very fine. The whole group, in pose and expression, is wonderfully fine, while the details are worked out with a masterly hand and a care that yet robs the ensemble of none of its breadth or its heroic simplicity. We have before us, not merely a physician trying an important experiment upon his own child, but the embodiment of one of the great medical discoveries of the world—the first link in the chain of healing that is to hold back from the grave so many human beings that else would fall a prey to the ravages of a foul disease. Monteverde has also sent 'The Genius of Architecture,' a noble draped figure from the tomb of the architect Sada; and a group in plaster, modelled for the tomb of Count Massari, and representing an angel with outspread wings bending over the head of a couch on which the dead man lies extended.

Very lovely and graceful in form and in expression is 'The Peri' of Tabacchi, a delicate, girlish figure, with mournful eyes, half seated, half standing, her slender arms crossed upon her breast, her wings drooping, folded, as if their powers were useless, since by their aid the fair spirit cannot gain admission to the celestial portal before which she waits. The yearning sadness on the beautiful face is inexpressibly touching. This charming work has been purchased by Prince Amadeus of Italy (the Duke of

Aosta, and ex-King of Spain). The 'Hypatia' of the same artist is equally fine in execution, though painful in subject. Bound with cords to a stake, and in a kneeling attitude, the fair apostle of paganism awaits with terror the swift-coming doom. The full, womanly outlines of her superbly-moulded form are in striking contrast to the delicate and almost childish contours of the Peri, who so wins upon us with the melancholy pleadings of her upraised eyes, that we would fain unbar the gates of heaven for her

in answer to that mute appeal.

Ferrari's 'Jacopo Ortis' is a work that has gained, and deservedly so, a high reputation in the sculptor's native land. Christened 'The Suicide,' the subject would have been more intelligible to that majority of the visitors to the Exhibition who naturally know nothing of the history of this Italian Werther. He has just stricken the fatal blow; the dagger has slipped from his nerveless hand and has fallen on the floor; while he sinks upon a couch, and turns his face to the pillow, as if to conceal from the light of day the last contortions of departing life. The attitude, though constrained, and to a certain degree forced, is singularly appropriate and expressive. The figure is unmistakably that of a man in the death-agony, while the concealment of the face hinders the subct from being too painful or revolting. The dress of the figure is that of the last century. From the breast of the shirt, rent open from the anguish of the wound, escapes a miniature—that and the dagger sufficiently indicate the story. There are considerable power and originality in this work, which has not yet been transferred to marble, and which is, we understand, the production of a comparatively youthful and unpractised hand. If so, Italy may surely claim one gifted sculptor the more.

There is a great deal of vigour in 'The Canaris' by Civiletti—two warriors in the prow of a boat, one gazing forward with stern determination imprinted on his visage, while the other calls his companion's attention to some object on the shore that they are apparently approaching. Very graceful and charming is 'Love's Temptation,' by Cencetti—Cupid whispering in the ear of a youthful maiden, whose slender form is replete with the immature graces of early girlhood. She listens with rapt yet pensive thoughtfulness upon her childlike face. This group would have been more appropriately named 'Love's First Whisper,' as it is, both in conception and execution, of too perfect a purity to convey the idea of the tempted and the tempter. The 'Spartacus' of Lucchetti is a powerful and expressive work. The 'Cleopatra' of Papini is coarse in feature and in expression; but is a conception of considerable vigour and originality. The bust of 'Othello,' in bronze and marble, by Calvi, is one of the popular successes of the Exhibition, and is a very happy realisation of the Shakespearean ideal. There is a nobility about the features and the carriage of the head that is altogether appropriate to a representation of "the noble Moor."

Very interesting, too, are the exhibits of what may be called the realistic school of Italian sculpture—groups of street boys, a gamin smoking a cigarette, the group entitled 'Me first, Sir!' and representing two newsboys struggling to sell a paper; and then that popular success of the section, 'That Dirty Boy,' already so widely known by means of photographs and engravings. Thus, even from this brief notice, it will be seen how wide and varied a field is occupied by the Italian sculpture of to-day. Boldly striking out from the beaten track, it has sought out new subjects and new forms of expression. It has deserted the hackneyed themes of mythology to embody, as in the 'Jenner' of Monteverde, the loftier images of a noble philanthropy, while not disdaining the grace and charm of tender sentiment and feminine beauty, or the imagery of daily life. We find, amid the painters of Italy, two men of striking genius, while her sculptors give promise of a revival in this too long neglected and lofty department of Art.

THE RUSSIAN PICTURES.

Among the countries whose art-display at the Paris Exhibition has been marked with elements of peculiar interest, we must certainly cite Russia. She shows us, it is true, no dazzling genius like Fortuny, no colourist to compete with Madrazo, no solid and learned execution like that of the painters of Belgium. But her art is serious, sincere, and national in type and in the selection of subjects. Those cold landscapes, all ice and snow beneath the wintry skies, those rugged, bearded peasants, those gleams of red, wintry sunlight, or of pale-green moonlight, the wrath and tumult of the storm-scourged northern seas, are all distinctively and characteristically national.

The 'Palace of Ice,' by Jacoby, has deservedly attracted a marked degree of attention and of favourable criticism as well. All the world knows the story of that ice-palace, reared in the frozen bosom of the Neva by order of the Empress Anne—how the furniture, the decorations, the ornaments of this wondrous edifice, even to the logs in the fireplace, and the lamps upon the mantel-shelf, were all of ice; and how she caused to be celebrated therein the wedding of her two favourite dwarfs, bidding to the marriage all the dwarfs of the empire. The artist has chosen to represent the scene at the moment when the guests enter the palace to salute the newly-wedded pair. Enthroned upon the bridalcouch of solid ice, with its pale-green, glistening, semi-transparent draperies, carved out of the same material, curving above them, the bride and bridegroom await the congratulations of their friends. Both are old and of a grotesque ugliness that is only enhanced by the richness of their somewhat fantastic attire. But the lady looks pompous and self-satisfied, and sits erect upon her frozen throne, while her spouse crouches shivering with the cold, and has surreptitiously slipped his cocked hat beneath his feet to guarantee them from contact with the footstool, carved, like all the rest of the furniture, from a block of ice. The motley train advances with mirthful gambols-musicians, serving-men bearing delicate viands, and mummers disguised as animals, swell the throng. Above and around, the walls of the ice-palace glisten coldly green, and the dancers shiver amid their gambols. Apart from a certain degree of crudity of colour, this picture is one of striking merit.

The 'Tempest on the Shores of the Black Sea,' by Aivazovski,

which is exhibited by the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts of St. Petersburg, is one of the finest marine views in the Exhibition. No picture of a similar character that I have ever seen has so well rendered the fury, the might, the awful vastness of the ocean in a storm. The huge waves rise in watery mountains beneath a dark and threatening sky. To the left of the spectator a rocky shore rears its perpendicular and pitiless cliffs. In the background is a disabled ship, while in the foreground appears a boat, crowded with human beings and tossed like a feather upon that tremendous A full gleam of light irradiates the foreground as from the breaking clouds overhead, while on the horizon they still gloom dark and menacing. There is a vague terror about the scene that recalls some of the most powerful of Victor Hugo's ocean-pictures in his 'Toilers of the Sea.

There is a good deal of power as well as fidelity to Nature in Klever's 'Winter Sunset,' an effect of red light falling across the snow-encrusted trunks of a group of tall, leafless trees with straight trunks, whereon but few branches grow to break their stiff stateli-Very good and characteristic, too, is the 'Forest in Winter,' of Mechtcherski. The scene shows a frozen lake from which the icc-cutters have hewed huge pale-green crystal blocks that strew the snow-covered earth in the foreground. A raven, sole evidence of life in that scene of icy desolation, is perched upon one of the largest of these blocks. The sky overhead lowers grey and chill, with a threatening of coming snow, while in the background the leafless forest is well-nigh hidden by a whirl of snow-laden mist. The fidelity to Nature displayed in these landscapes inclines us to accept as an actual and realistic effect the singular green tinge of the moonlight in Kovindji's 'Moonlight on the Ukraine.' picture, in spite of its curious colouring, is well painted, the contrast between the warm firelight that glows through the windows of the cottages, and the cold, greenish lustre without, being very effective. It is indeed said that this peculiar hue does really characterise the rays of the full moon in those regions.

The winner of the Medal of Honour in this section, Siemiradski, is less characteristically national than are most of his artistic brethren. He has lived and studied in Rome, and the scenes and personages of ancient Rome inspire his pencil. His canvases are warm with the sunlight of Italian skies, and glow with the richness of southern colouring. His principal work, the 'Living Torches of Nero,' brings before us one of the most hideous of the many ghastly pastimes of the cruel emperor. The scene is a garden before one of the imperial palaces, and the hour is sunset. Against the blue gloom of the eastern sky, already dusk with the shadows of approaching twilight, rises a long row of flower-wreathed poles, to the summit of each of which is bound a human being, swathed in tow steeped in pitch-Christian martyrs that are soon to flame forth as torches to light the imperial revels. The emperor and his guests are grouped on the portico and steps of a gorgeous palace that lifts its massive white marble expanse on the left of the pic-The eager spectators of the coming show are clustered together in the foreground, irradiated by the full sunset light from the west. High up above them, Nero himself appears on a massive litter of gold and ivory, carried by eight negro slaves, while a captive tiger walks beside it, only restrained by a chain of gold and jewels that droops idly from the emperor's languid hand. His gaze, vague and unheeding with the dulness of immense satiety, is fixed upon the scene before him, and he awaits with stolid listlessness that 'lighting up' of the living torches for which an official in the background has just given the signal by waving his scarlet mantle. The slaves who are entrusted with the task are preparing to execute the mandate. One has planted his ladder against one of the nearest poles, and is about to ascend, having lighted his torch at a brazier held by his comrade. The throng of nobles, courtesans, dancing-girls, &c., look on, some with interest and curiosity, and others with a listless apathy like that of their royal master. One elegant personage lounges against a pillar with an air of fashionable nonchalance, a group of gamblers continue to throw the dice. a bloated and Silenus-like patrician glances languidly across his golden goblet. Only one personage in the scene betrays any touch of pity or of sympathy; it is a young singing-girl, who, seated on the ground, her clasped hands resting on her lyre, gazes with mournful eyes upon the nearest victims. One of these, a fair young girl, turns her head aside so as not to behold the approach of the slaves with their torches; while the other, an aged man, whose white locks stream dishevelled on the evening breeze, looks steadfastly upon his executioners. The other Christians are but dimly seen amid the gathering shadows.

This large and remarkable work betrays an originality and vigour of conception that are not entirely carried out in the execution. There are defects in the composition—the throng of courtiers is rather an agglomeration of detached groups and individuals than one imposing whole. The Christians appear too small upon their flower-garlanded poles, and the torches and brazier carried by the slaves emit no rays amid the twilight gloom. The management of the lingering sunset-light, flung from the unseen and yet glowing western sky, and its contrast with the deepening shadows in the east, are very fine and well imagined. Certain individuals amid the patrician throng are extremely well painted, particularly a halfnude personage, leaning with an air of languid curiosity against the base of a column, and a rose-crowned débauché of mature years, whose attitude and bearing, despite his years and his corpulence, wear the distinctive stamp of high breeding and patrician ease. The stolid apathy of the brutal emperor is also admirably rendered, and so, too, is the business-like bearing of the executioners. This it is that lends the touch of supremest horror to the scene—these varied forms of indifference. No one amid the bystanders seems to feel any touch of pity or even of surprise-no one save the poor singing-girl, with her bent head and mournful

Siemiradski exhibits two other large pictures, the subjects of both of which, as well as that of his more important work, being taken from the life of ancient Rome. In one, 'The Shipwrecked Sailor,' we see a golden-haired dame in the act of stepping into her gaily-painted barge, while a battered and half-nude old sailor offers for her purchase a painted tablet. In the other, 'The Cup or the Girl?' we are introduced to the interior of the shop of a dealer in all kinds of foreign wares—the spoil, probably, of captive nations whose power has perished before the might of Rome. The walls glow with rich hangings, the shelves are crowded with vases and figures in ivory and crystal, in bronze and in gold. In the centre sits the customer, a stout, elderly patrician, who poises on his knee a magnificent vase in ivory and cloisonné enamel, while the dealer and his assistant are offering for his inspection another specimen of their wares, namely, a young and beautiful girl, from whose form they have just rent all vestige of drapery. She struggles in their grasp with a gesture wholly eloquent of reluctant shame and shrinking modesty. Meanwhile, the old Roman considers gravely which he shall select of the two articles offered for

sale, the maiden or the vase. A youth by his side, handsome and dark-eyed, and resting his knee on a chair-seat while leaning over its back (a very modern attitude, by-the-way), looks on, a not uninterested spectator. The cringing eagerness of the merchant, the shrinking anguish of the girl, and the business-like reflectiveness of the purchaser, are wonderfully well contrasted. The accessories are very well and carefully painted, and the colouring is vivid and rich in tone. The nude figure of the girl hardly comes up in execution to the more subordinate portions of the work. The head of the old Roman, sensual, brutal, and yet distinctively patrician, is, excellent alike in expression and finish. In fine, we are inclined to accept Siemiradski as one of the coming revivers of the grand historic school, unless, indeed, the allurements of antique bric-à-brac, which he paints with a loving no less than a skilled pencil, lead him to forsake his present line of subjects.

Bronnikoff's 'Last Repast of the Martyrs' (from the Imperial Academy) is vague and cold in tone, and the management of the contrasted lights is uncertain and defective. The scene is a subterranean hall, evidently attached to the Coliseum, as detachments of the martyrs are being led off by armed slaves—the group in the foreground, the pale, rapt enthusiast, unmoved by the last embrace of his aged mother or by the presence of his wife who holds up her infant for a last caress and blessing, who will evidently go forth to death as to a bridal, being a very impressive The 'Antechamber of a Millionnaire,' by the same artist, though much less elevated in subject, shows a much firmer and intelligent style of execution. The gorgeous surroundings are well painted, and the central figures—the young artist with a roll of paper under his arm, and the red-nosed, slinking suppliant beside him—are good and expressive. In the background a servant holds back a rich portière, and, while announcing one of the newcomers, gives us a glimpse of the interior of the inner apartment, where paintings, satin draperies, and carved furniture, are combined in a picturesque confusion. Judging by that interior, there is small hope, one would say, for the red-nosed beggar in the foreground, but the bright-looking young artist need not despair.

There is a touch of very telling satire in Makovski's 'Visit of

There is a touch of very telling satire in Makovski's 'Visit of the Benefactress.' An elderly lady, evidently full of kindly intentions, enters the hut of a Russian peasant. Her coachman, erect in his long, heavy great-coat and ample furs, stands behind her in an attitude that, like his broad red face, is eloquent of scorn and disgust at the miserable surroundings. The wife comes forward, clasping her hands with an hypocritical gesture of grateful servility. Her husband, behind her, unseen by the visitor, is thrusting his arms into his coat, and glances over his shoulder with a bitter sneer. A child looks on in amaze, while a young girl in the background leans stolidly against the wall, and manifests no interest whatever in the visitor. The whole scene is singularly realistic and expressive.

There is a touch of almost Millet-like pathos, the deeper because unconsciously expressed, in Savitzki's 'Labourers on a Railway.' Those pale peasant-faces, all, from that of the twelve-year-old boy to those of the bearded men, set in that dull expression of apathetic stolidity, the bowed figures, the knotted hands, are all eloquent of unceasing and ungrateful toil. The cold northern sun, the scanty and pallid herbage, seem, too, to tell the story of a severe climate and a sterile soil. It may be that the artist had not these meanings in his mind when he painted this pathetic picture; if so, he has builded better than he knew.

The 'Bulgarian Martyrs' of C. E. Makovski is too melodramatic and too horrible, but is, nevertheless, painted with a firm and scientific mastery of execution, as well as with a certain fierce sincerity, that lends a considerable amount of impressiveness to the work. Harlamott's fine portraits are familiar to all Art-lovers in Paris who are accustomed to frequent the annual exhibitions, not only at the Salon, but those of the leading clubs. His 'Italian Girl' has evidently been inspired by the teachings and example of Bonnat. Among the water-colours, the 'Eve of St. Bartholomew,' by Huhn, is especially remarkable. It shows an old Catholic noble in the act of pinning to his hat the white cross that was the badge of the slayers in the massacre. He is in his oratory, and the mild eyes of the sculptured Christ upon the crucifix above his head look down upon his task. The colouring of this fine work is exceedingly warm and rich in tone.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

ART-CRITICISM.

HERE are many truths which are so readily accepted by the public that they might pass for truisms, and to repeat them might seem to betray a lack of originality on the part of the wri-But, while theoretically receiving general assent, some of these truths are so rarely put into practice that to call attention to them again is a

One is reminded of the justice of these observations when he considers the growth and, practice of Art ideas and criticism in a community. The principles of Art-criticism which should be brought into play in judging works of Art, are now matters, one may say, of common acceptance among Art lovers and critics; they are adopted as beyond discussion, because founded on common-sense. To bring them forward again is almost like asking a mathematician to return to the axioms of Euclid, put into constant practice by him during a long professional career. But it is just here that we find the Art-question at fault. More than in any other branch of human knowledge the common-sense so indispensable in the conduct of life is dispensed with. This results in part from the fact that Art is more or less emotional. And it is, therefore, exactly in proportion to the effect it produces on the emotions of the audience to which it most appeals that its success may be most satisfactorily determined. Again, the rank to which a work of Art may be assigned is largely dependent on the degree of imagination it displays; while in law, in physics, in the exact sciences, the end in view is attained just in proportion to its freedom from emotional or imaginative influence.

But, after so far granting a certain difference between the character of Art and other mental pursuits, it still remains true that when we come to pass judgment upon works of Art, above emo-tion, above a sympathetic imagination, above personal predilections, the reason should hold calm sway, and give the casting vote for or against a work of Art. But, for the reason to be able to discriminate and to decide with impartial judgment, it should be instructed regarding the question it is weighing, in order that its conclusions may be guided by intelligence.

Every one will assent to the truth of the principle that, in order to assume the office of judge, one should have a practical know-ledge of law; to criticise books, one should have a liberal education, as well as literary tastes; to sit on a board of examiners to pass on the merits of candidates for a doctor's degree or a shipmaster's certificate, one should be qualified by a practical experience of the question in hand—in other words, that a man has a right to be tried by his peers. But how often is it inquired of an Art-critic, as an indispensable requisite, whether he has ever studied or practised any branch of Art, or by experience, combined with a natural turn for æsthetics, is able to enter into an appreciation of the intellectual operations of the artistic mind? And yet no man has it in his power more to sway public opinion on any given subject, or for a while to repress the success of struggling genius, if by ignorance or prejudice he chooses to array his pen against it.

It may be argued that the artist is himself so narrowed down to one intellectual channel by an absorbing pursuit, and so wedded to one set of ideas by the peculiar characteristics of an emotional nature, that, while having technical knowledge, he is, on the other hand, inclined to partial judgments and intolerant criticisms. But in this respect injustice has been done to artists. Many of them are men of general culture, and the greater the genius of the artist the broader and, therefore, the fairer is his intellectual vision. The kindest, the most just critical judgments on Art-questions are more often to be heard in conversation with great artists themselves rather than from average critics, who take their Art-ideas, when they have any, chiefly at second-hand from this or that favourite artist. Artists, on the whole, are as fair-minded as other men. No men are more narrow and prejudiced, more wedded to one idea, more obtuse and obstinate, than seafaring men, and yet it is from their number that the members of marine examining boards are chosen. No men are more set in their ideas than physicians; but are they not, notwithstanding, and as a matter of course, always selected to examine medical students?

Now, is it not quite as much in reason that so large and respectable a body of men and women as compose the guild of artists should be judged by members of their own profession? Is it any more than fair that the works on which they have spent their very heart-blood, on whose success their progress, their reputation, their living, their destiny depends, should have at least the judgment of an expert? This is even more important in Art-matters than in the other professions, because a large part of Art is technical. Unlike law, for example, it combines purely intellectual elements with elements quite as distinctly physical and mechanical. Now, the Art-critic who is not himself something of an artist may be able, if he has æsthetic tastes, to give sometimes a fair but superficial statement of the composition he criticises, but that is not all that constitutes Art-criticism, even for the general public. The qualities of pigments, of brushes, of canvases, of clays, or of marbles, the handling of tools, and, above all, the adaptation of such material means of expression to an ideal conception, are matters which it is simply impossible for the mind wholly to comprehend unless it naturally craves such forms of expression, and has some faculty in doing so. It is in endeavouring to harmonise the two that the different schools adopt their individual styles.

That the intellectual perception regarding Art-questions may be of two distinct kinds, one taking in only that side of an Art question or work which appeals to the unprofessional eye, the other embracing in its scope the whole theory and practice of Art, is evident by the opposite way in which the literary critic and the artist treat a work of Art-criticism. The points noted by the latter are often wholly ignored by the former, simply because he has not the natural or educated vision that enables him to see all that the artist sees or expects to see in such a work. The one thinks much of a slashing, well-peppered literary style; the other is much more interested to discover whether the work indicates that the writer treats his subject as a mere outsider, or as one who is to the manner born, and wields the two indispensable weapons of

criticism-fairness and knowledge.

That these observations are not matters of pure hypothesis is borne out by the facts. It will be found that most of the leading Art-critics of Europe who have won influence and fame have had an artistic training, and in some cases have divided their attention and their reputation equally between the exercise of the creative and the critical faculties. Ruskin has impaired the usefulness of his criticisms by a most unfortunate temperament; but his Artknowledge is extensive, he is a consummate draughtsman, and has a practical knowledge of colouring and modelling. Hamerton, the fairest, broadest Art-critic of England, has a practical acquaintance with many branches of Art. Sir Joshua Reynolds's Art-lectures have become classics. Rossetti is artist as well as critic; the same may be said of Blackburn. Gautier, magnificent in criticism, was also a painter. Couture's Art-writings, if unfortunate in their style, are full of weight and important matter, and possess qualities that are simply beyond the reach of the uninitiated writer who takes up Art-criticism simply as a means of making a living. Fromentin, one of the leading artists of the age, was also the greatest Art-critic of the century. He combined thorough practical knowledge of Art, a cool and unbiassed judgment, cred'Autrefois," which was pronounced by such an authority as L'Art to be the finest work of Art-criticism extant, is not only a model for a work of that character, but adds a conclusive argument in favour of the conditions requisite to the truest Art-criti-

It may be assumed by some-indeed, some of the most cultivated and intelligent minds in the community claim-that much which enters into such works as those of Couture and Fromentin is not essential in Art-criticism intended for the general public, and is more germane to the artist who can obtain it through other channels. But can it be disputed that the more one understands about a subject the better will he be able to grasp all the qualities which enter into a given work? Can it be a matter of doubt that the more he is able to enter into the character of a work the larger

will be the enjoyment he can receive, and the greater the growth of his perceptions, and therefore the greater the value of his criticisms to the general public? To deny this is to strike at the basal principles which underlie all human progress. So various are the shades of Art-knowledge, or of the æsthetic tastes of the public, that the critic must either write down to the level of the least informed, and thus ignore the growth and needs of larger intelligences, or he must write two kinds of articles, one for those lowest in Artknowledge and one for the highest; or, which is the only logical course, he must prepare out of the fulness of knowledge, and in simple style, criticisms which may instruct the best informed and the least informed at the same time.

But, although it is among artists that we should naturally look for the best qualified Art-critics, it must be acknowledged that it is not always easy to secure men for the work of instructing the public on Art-subjects from the profession. Some artists can readily express their ideas in conversation, but have not the faculty of concentrating their thoughts into written criticisms. Others are so completely absorbed in their work that they cannot find time for preparing criticisms. But, as there are many periodicals employing Art-critics, it must therefore necessarily occur that men who are outside of the profession must sometimes be employed to criticise Art-exhibitions and Art-books. But it is evident, from what we have said, that ready faculties or a fascinating style are not the sole nor even the prime requisites in Art-criticism. It is not every young man just crowned with valedictorian honours, nor every handsome scribbler just graduated from Vassar—it is not every quill-driver who has the ability or the luck to get on the staff of a flourishing daily who is fitted to discuss Art-theories, or ride roughshod over artists of established reputations, or jauntily wipe out of existence Art-schools which do not descend to the serene level of the contracted sphere of his own Art-knowledge.

Language can hardly be found too severe to be applied to some of the soi-disant critics whose flippant irony, sarcasm, and sophomoric wit, and malicious personalities, are displayed quite too often in the press of the period at the expense of one of the most honest, earnest, laborious, honourable, and worthy classes in the community. No, it is the bounden duty of the editor who employs an Art-critic to ascertain that the man or woman whom he delegates to write Art-criticisms is a person of some maturity; many Art-questions are utterly beyond the grasp of a callow, inexperienced mind; he should also have a natural turn for æsthetics, and in these days, when schools of Art are multiplying, it is not too much to demand of the person so employed that he should take some instruction in practical art, if he has not already such knowledge, even if he has no intention of adopting Art as a profession. The critic should be proved, further, to be a man of broad and catholic views, and unbiassed by prejudice when weighing the merits of a work of Art. It may be said that it is impossible to find such men. It is not impossible; such men have existed, even though at rare intervals, and have furnished examples of the ideal critic, whom all Art-critics should employ every effort to imitate and resemble.

Having discussed the qualifications indispensable to the equipment of the thorough Art-critic, it naturally follows that we should inquire into the elements which constitute Art-criticism pure and simple. And here we enter on a subject which has its application, in a degree, to every mind which desires properly to gather the greatest good from the study of Art. When a new patent is offered to public approval, the question is, not whether it resembles previous patents in order to receive approval, but whether it shows something altogether new, whether this novelty is commendable, and how far the object approaches the end which gives it a reason for being. When a true literary critic writes a review of a new drama he does not say: "I prefer epic poetry, and, as this is only a drama, I don't care whether as such it is good or bad. It is a drama, and that is enough said against it." What sort of a critic would he be who thus condemned a book unread? And yet, analysed to its root, that is just the way nine out of ten Art-critics, and ninety-nine out of a hundred amateurs, criticise works of Art. There is no exaggeration in this statement. They may not deliberately intend to act thus, but none the less that is the substance of most of the Art-criticism to which the public is treated.

This leads us to the theorem that the fundamental principle of Art-criticism is to endeavour candidly to find out what was the

purpose in the mind of the artist, what was the ideal conception he had in view, what truth did he desire to interpret, when he created the work which may be under consideration. Until we have ascertained these things, and placed ourselves as far as possible in the artist's place, it is useless to proceed to criticise the results. What may be our own preconceived notions, or our likes and dislikes, has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the question; and, until it is settled, every criticism must be more or less unjust. It is an accepted fact in Art that the truths of Nature are countless, while the material means for expressing those truths are limited, and at the same time the strongest mind can concentrate its attention thoroughly to the expression of only a very few of these truths at any one time. As a consequence, it follows that each school or individual work of Art confines itself to the interpretation or expression of some one truth in the world of man and Nature around us, or some single phase of purely creative Art suggested to the imagination by visible objects. In order to criticise intelligently, therefore, it is of the first importance that the aim the artist had in view should be apprehended. After having reached that point, one can then proceed to discuss the question as to whether the end comes legitimately within the domain of Art, and how far that end has been approached. In the settlement of this question the personal preferences of the critic should be left entirely out of sight, as much as personal preferences are in the rendering of a decision of the Supreme Court on a point of law.

Another important point in Art-criticism is that it should be modest in its assumptions. Self-sufficiency, arrogance, flippancy, presumption, intolerance, are not qualities which tend to impartiality or clearness of judgment in any department of human pursuits. So vast is the field of Art-knowledge that no one can hope to grasp it all, or to form more than a faint conception of the future possibilities of Art. None are more aware of this than the greatest artists themselves. To the end of life they are making new discoveries in the meaning of lines, of colour, of light and shade, of values, and the powers of matter, as means for expressing some of the deepest problems of existence, even the most superficial Art suggesting to the thoughtful, experienced mind more than appears to the eye. It is, therefore, the most common thing in the world for an artist to say, when asked by a brother artist to give his criticisms and suggestions on a work in a branch of Art other than that which is his specialty: "That looks a little strange to me; I can't make it look quite natural. But then you've studied that effect more than I have, and are probably right about it." How often do we see such frankness and humility

in the Art-criticisms of the press?

Indeed, in an age remarkable for eccentricities and surprises, one of the most astonishing phenomena is the audacity with which champions rush into the arena of Art, bristling with offensive armour, burning to hew and hack at the giants they may encounter, but utterly unfitted for the task they have undertaken. Without experience, without having made a specialty of Art-studies, without having devoted themselves to a careful, loving observation of the aspects of Nature which enter so largely into Art, without having made a profound investigation of the laws which underlie the progress of civilisation, the intellectual growth of mankind, and the development of the arts from inevitable and unvarying organic conditions, these tyros, whose courage is born of an ignorance almost sublime, undertake to enlighten the public regarding a profession which is coeval with the birth of man, which marches in the van with the rise and fall of nations, which repeats the triumphs of the ages, and immortalises the raptures and the sorrows of the race, which allies the artist as a creator with the Creator of the Universe himself, and which has numbered among its leaders such interpreters of the beautiful and the divine as Phidias and Praxiteles, Michael Angelo and Raphael, Titian and Dürer, Rembrandt and Rubens, Velasquez, and Claude, and Turner. To enter on the field where such men have fought, to discuss the problems with which they have wrestled, one should be clothed with humility, and keep himself in that receptive condition for the discovery and acceptance of new truths which is the characteristic of the mind which has proceeded far enough into the subject to realise its vastness, and the very moderate capacity of the strongest to grasp it in its entity. The critical faculty does not need to come into play until the critic has done his utmost to study the work under consideration in all its relations to the age, the country, the temperament, and the opportunities of the artist who is undergoing the analysis of criticism.

Another important feature in true Art-criticism is that it should be wholly impersonal, individual like or dislike for an artist being laid aside as having nothing to do with the decision. Criticism should also be kind, even when disapproval must be pronounced against a work; and, finally, the Art-critic cannot too often or too deeply engrave it on his memory that what the public need, and

should always prefer, is not his style or his own personality. It is no concern of the public who he may be, but it is important that they should obtain instruction from Art-criticism, that they should be elevated and improved by what the critic says, while the progress of Art receives fresh impetus by kind, broad, impersonal, unprejudiced, thoughtful, carefully-prepared criticisms, rendered in a calm and judicial manner.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THE UFFIZI AND PITTI GALLERIES, FLORENCE.



O many long-cherished associations cluster around the Uffizi, Belle-Arti, Pitti, Bargello, and San Marco Galleries of Florence, as they now exist, that any threatened innovations fill one with apprehensions of intellectual losses of much that could never be replaced. The buildings which shelter them form an architectural and historical

group of varied styles and epochs, in intimate keeping with their contents, such as no other city can rival. Whichever way we approach them, their presence is heralded by other edifices of equal grandeur and significance, so that merely to see them is a material revelation of the ancient power and progress of the fairest of mediæval cities, which has perhaps done more for the civilisation of mankind than any other, or at least whose roll-call of great names is second to none. Long before museums in their modern significance were thought of, the interiors of these structures were made the depositories of those objects of Art which have given to Florence its artistic renown, besides those masterpieces of antiquity that form a record, not merely of the best thoughts, skill, and deeds of Florence, but of the genius of the world at large—in its entire assemblage and setting a unique Pantheon of Art. To dissever these buildings from their contents would now be like separating body from soul. In no other arrangement can they have equal significance. Indeed, the Pitti, Uffizi, and Bargello are charmed names, belonging to all mankind, conjuring up visions of beauty that literally make their mention a perpetual joy to those capable of appreciating the transmutation into substance and colour of the deepest thoughts and subtlest imaginations of the greatest masters of every age. With their combined treasures they make an æsthetic solidarity and unity which the remotest suggestion of disturbing painfully shocks.

But we live in an age that in its passion for organization takes a

But we live in an age that in its passion for organization takes a practical or scientific view of æsthetics and Art, and is ever ready to sweep away all fine-spun webs of the imagination in its deference to mere utility and convenience. Following the scholastic example of Germany in these matters, it is proposed to unite all the museums of Florence in one immense structure, which would form the richest collection in Europe. It is argued there would be greater security against fire and theft; improved lighting, warmth, and ventilation; and, chiefly, a better chronological and historical distribution of the various schools and nationalities of Art, giving a consecutive, concentrated view of the origin and progress of each, while bestowing on masterpieces that preëminence of position which should best display their highest qualities.

There is little doubt this radical change would be made were the Government in a condition to pay for it. We should then be

doomed to see our old Art friends comfortably housed in a new building, with all the modern improvements, and the Pitti, Uffizi, Bargello, and other museums, like Rachel, mourning their lost offspring, and refusing to be comforted, especially as the chances, ten to one, would be that the new museum would be a frightful monument of the degenerate architectural taste and solecisms of the new-made Italy. Let us devoutly pray that this Art revolution be postponed until Italy gives birth again to a race of artists and architects equal to her old masters. If her masterpieces of painting and sculpture must change lodgings, by all means make it certain that they will not be ashamed of their new quarters and neighbourhood.

The committee appointed to report on this matter has, for the present, virtually shelved this scheme because of want of means to carry it out. At the same time it has recommended for the Uffizi certain important improvements, viz., new windows and better lights, a system of double roofing, and awnings as a protection against the sun's rays, equalising the temperature, and giving freer ventilation; some mode of warming the galleries in winter, and sprinkling the roofs and skylights with water in the summer; the cleaning of the roofs and removing from them the accumulations of vegetable matter, which, if it should become ignited, would endanger the galleries, particularly as directly beneath them the archives and books of the National Library afford a vast store of combustible matter. The danger from fire is really greater than one likes to consider, and yet it seldom if ever occurs to the mind in thinking of the Uffizi. To enlarge its accommodation, the committee proposes to double the size of the present Venetian. Gallery by adding to it the director's offices, to transform the hall of the Ermaphrodite into another tribune, to build a vast hall at the extremity of the corridor adjoining the Loggia del' Orgagna, and to annex to the Uffizi, by means of the present covered connecting gallery, the hall of the Gigli, the salon of the Salviati, the chapel of Ghirlandajo, and the stanze of Leonora of Toledo. These additional apartments would permit the exhibition of many objects for which there is at present no space, and unite the Palazzo Vecchio, Uffizi, and Pitti into virtually one great museum, that internally and externally need not bow its head to any other in Europe, provided these changes are made with wisdom, and there be at the same time a rehanging which shall bring together in a more harmonious and effective sequence and comparison the different schools and the works of the greatest masters, relegating the inferior and doubtful to the poorer positions, and introducing in the catalogue the corrections and emendations as to attributions which modern criticism positively requires.

Florence. JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

NOTES.

NEW PICTURES IN NEW YORK GALLERIES.—Dutch art in the seventeenth century was deservedly famous for its land-scapes, its portraits, and its genres, and so nearly equally were its achievements, that it would be impossible to say in which of the three departments its glory was the greatest. Of late years there has arisen in the Netherlands a school of young men worthy of the great tradi-

tions of their country, and destined, undoubtedly, to inspire Christendom with some if not much of the reverence bestowed upon Cuyp, Vandyck, and Maes. The Cottier collection, recently sold by auction in New York, contained several noteworthy specimens of these later Dutchmen's work—of the brothers Maris, for example, of Mauve, and of Bosboom—and now the Goupil Gallery, in addition to a large number

of much more conspicuous and "popular" representatives of German and French art, has proffered its polished and splendid hospitality to Mauve, J. Maris, Joan Berg, and Roybet. The first of the four appears in two cabinet landscapes-simple agricultural scenes in Holland on a cloudy day, but when the atmosphere is neither veiled nor vapour-laden -which will more than hold their own beside other landscapes in the gallery, and this not because of any special felicity in composition or in drawing, but chiefly because of the forthright craft with which the painter has reproduced the sentiment of the scenes, keeping himself and his mechanism away out of sight. These dull, leaden skies, these human beings scarcely less dull or leaden, these wide stretches of damp and heavy soil, characteristic features of many of Mauve's landscapes, require for their illumination, when they are illumined—and Mauve's always are—some very positive and solid artistic gifts. It is one thing to paint a bare landscape and leave it bare; it is quite another thing to clothe it, so to speak, with breadth and delicate gradations of light, to emphasise the elements that best deserve emphasising, and to preserve that fine natural sense, of the expansiveness of Nature which Nature most often possesses and imparts when the sun is hidden and the sky is cold. Mauve's work is so solid and sound, so distant from showiness, triviality, and conventionalism, so honest and outright and downright in its faithfulness to the single impression which the artist has chosen for reproduction, and withal so sensitive to the larger life of insensate things, that these little landscapes are exceedingly striking and fascinating. Near them are many costlier and more "important" can-vases—a Schreyer, for example, dashy and vigorous even for a Schreyer; a bridal-toned Kaemmerer, admirable in drawing and exquisite in composition; a large Merle, very great as Merle counts greatness—but their simple, modest beauty has a peculiar, special, exclusive charm. J. Maris's landscape is somewhat disappointing, probably because one of the J. Marises in the Cottier collection was so much richer and more vital of the same kind. The Joan Berg, a small genre (none of these excellent Dutch examples at Goupil's are large), is an interior with figures, unembarrassed in execution, very fresh in its scenic picturesqueness, and in the fine characterisation of the faces; while the Roybet, which we have not space for describing, but which would win praise at almost every corner of an analysis, is a masterpiece of tone and colour. Let us say, then, that the Messrs. Knoedler, in importing and exhibiting these noble examples of contemporaneous Dutch art, have done real and, in view of the habit of American dealers in general, we may add, unexpected service to the cause of high Art, or, in other words, of true Art; and, if a dealer's gallery is in any sense exponential of the degree of culture of his customers, we shall perhaps not err in attributing to the presence of these treasures from Holland the symptoms of an improved capacity for discernment and appreciation on the part of Ameri-

Some time ago the Paris correspondent of the Art Journal described with care and at great length a new historical painting by Mr. E. H. Blashfield, a young New York artist, who has spent several years in foreign study. The subject is the Emperor Commodus returning in pomp from one of the public games in the amphitheatre, and contains numerous figures. This country is not so rich in historical pictures that an example possessing much less merit than Mr. Blashfield's is likely to be overlooked; and, if the current number of the Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst is to be depended upon, Germany is in an even worse predicament in this respect. "Nothing," says that journal, "can be so characteristic of the present condition of Art in Germany than the not less defective than sparse representation of historical painting in this year's exhibition at the Berlin Academy, an exhibition supposed to contain the quintessence of the studio-work of Berlin, Düsseldorf, Munich, Vienna, and Carlsruhe." The cause of the fewness of such representations in this country we do not propose to inquire for at this moment; the Zeitschrift attributes the German lack to the lack of fostering on the part of the national Government, and points with considerable emotion to the fact that two-thirds of the French historical paintings in the recent Paris Exhibition were owned by the French Government. Mr. Blashfield's large picture is in the style of Gérôme's 'Ave Imperator, Morituri se Salutant,' but is not necessarily the worse for that. Its flesh-tints are in a somewhat amateur state, but the same has sometimes been true of some of Gérôme's flesh-tints. As a whole, the work now in Mr. Schaus's gallery, is creditable in itself and brilliant in promise; and this, under the circumstances, is a very great deal to say.

mise; and this, under the circumstances, is a very great deal to say. Among a collection of new works by Van Marcke, J. Breton, Robie, Plassan, Jacquet, Pasini, Castres, Le Febvre, Goubie, and the great Detaille, in Mr. S. P. Avery's gallery, is a very significant and beautiful forest-interior by Diaz de la Peña, whose death (said his friend Jules Dupré) "took from the sun one of its brightest rays." There is just a glimpse of a turquoise sky through the autumn-tinted branches of the lordly trees. The foreground pool, the central stream of sunshine, the mossy rocks, and the true forest-sense, are there, of course.

PICTURES AT BERLIN.—At a recent exhibition in Berlin, a painting by Louis Braun, entitled 'The Entry of the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg into Orleans,' was much praised. It illustrates an incident of the Franco-German War. "There is a great square," writes a correspondent of the Academy, "where the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc rises on a huge pedestal. The moonlight falls on the parti-coloured masses of artillery and infantry which fill the square, and seems to caress the beautiful, simple bronze statue and the covering of snow which reposes on the level portions of it. Joan of Arc, in coat of mail, sword in hand, sits her horse in masculine fashion, and seems to look out mournfully over the dimly-lighted square, where the rigid grand-duke is giving his orders to the troops. The horse-artillery push their horses ahead; German sub-officers indicate with their sabres the only passable way to French ladies and gentlemen. The houses of the place have, unfortunately, received a false bright-green illumination in the moonlight."

Another picture, by a Polish artist, Josef Brandt, bearing the title of 'Tartarenschlacht,' attracted much attention. It depicts an episode of

Another picture, by a Polish artist, Josef Brandt, bearing the title of 'Tartarenschlacht,' attracted much attention. It depicts an episode of the Polish-Tartar conflict in the seventeenth century. "Some Polish troopers have overtaken and attacked a band of Tartars, and wrest from them their captured treasure, women and children. Brandt is a genuine colourist, a virtuoso in the rendering of objects, materials, weapons, vehicles, &c., and a painter who understands the representation of motion better than any one else. A Russian or Polish conveyance, with wild horses and gaily-dressed passengers, driving down a declivity in frantic career towards the spectator, is a favourite subject of his art. There is, therefore, in the 'Tartarenschlacht' a superabundance of motion and life. It is a veritable combat which we witness; the air is full of war-cries and women's shrieks. The physiognomies of Tartar men and women present a most characteristic contrast to the Polish figures. The defect of the picture is the want of clear arrangement of the very intricate composition."

Alma-Tadema exhibits a picture entitled 'Die Morgengabe der Galeswintha,' in which he "has expended the same conscientious intelligence and the same archæological truth upon ancient Neustria that he has previously bestowed upon Hellas and Rome. In the chamber in which Fredegonda sits, every object, even the smallest, every glass bowl, every ornament, is Merovingian in accordance with Fredegonda herself. The leathern cushion on which she is seated is so marvellously painted that the eye can appreciate exactly how sleek, how smooth, how well stretched the leather is. No praise is too great for the truth of colouring of her face, neck, and arms. That it is a barbarous princess whom we have before us is made clear, without any violent or clumsy expedient; only the long, fair hair, intertwined with bright yellow ribands, looks singularly antique; the costume is simple in other respects; so also the expression is jealous, without being wild; she observes, she chokes back her grief, she is inwardly groping after vengeance; but there is no theatrical pathos."

THE BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.—The regular winter exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association was opened on Monday evening, December 3rd, with the usual grand reception. Though not conspicuous for the number of new pictures displayed, it presents fresh tokens of the energy of the Executive Committee, whose chairman is still that excellent and honoured artist, Mr. R. W. Hubbard. Two of the most meritorious works are by Mr. A. F. Bunner, one of them being a street-scene in a cathedral town in Germany, so instinct with luminousness and depth of atmosphere that it compels the attention of a spectator at the other end of the gallery—say, a hundred feet away.

Mr. W. B. Scott has presented to the Print-Room, British Museum, a collection, in three large volumes, of his etchings, woodcuts, and photographs, from other works by himself. These are about four hundred in number, and many of them are remarkable for pictorial and dramatic felicity and powerful conception. They include the series of decorative pictures long ago described by us as executed at Wallington Hall, the seat of Sir W. C. Trevelyan, illustrations to "The Book of Ballads," &c.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE LATE LORD GOUGH, for Dublin, has been successfully cast in bronze by Messrs. Mansfield. The commission for this work, originally placed in the hands of the late Mr. Foley, was, on his decease, transferred to his executor, Mr. G. F. Teniswood, and completed from Mr. Foley's small model by Mr. Brock and assistants. The horse is a duplicate of the charger in the famous Hardinge group.

A STATUE of Berryer, by M. Chapu, has recently been placed in the Salle des Pas-Perdus, Palais de Justice, Paris, and will shortly be unveiled. It is accompanied by seated female figures, representing Eloquence and Fidelity.

THE ART JOURNAL ADVERTISER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1879.

TO ADVERTISERS.—It is a fact beyond all question that advertising is one of the most important auxiliaries in successfully conducting business; and no thoroughly practical man, though his experience and observation be limited, will undervalue this most powerful agency in the commercial world; neither should any person fail to make use of such means as are legitimate, generally effective, and may be indispensable. Publicity is the very foundation of commercial success, and this must be obtained by Advertising. This act has become patent, and a man who, by this method, seeks the prosperity of his business, enters upon no untried field; he has the example of the most eminent and successful business-men of the past and present.

THE ART JOURNAL (published by D. APPLETON & CO.) is undoubtedly one of the very best mediums in the country—reaching, as it does the families of CULTURE, TASTE, and MEANS. Its circulation is large—surpassing the most sanguine expectations of the publishers—and is constantly increasing. No better medium exists for reaching the best buyers in the land. Our advertisements are all flegitimate business-houses, nothing that is deceptive or blind, bogus or humbug. We refer to our advertising columns. Our rates are

ADVERTISING RATES IN ART JOURNAL.

First Page (back) - - - . 80 cents per line, agate. | Fourth Page - - - . 75 cents per line, agate. | Second and Third Pages - - 60 " " " | Third Cover-Page - - 75 " " " Discount on advertisements inserted 3 months - - - - 10%; 6 months - - -- 15%; 12 months - - - - 25%.

Special rates for special places and choice pages. No advertisements less than 10 lines.

Address HENRY W. QUIN, Advertising Department, at D. Appleton & Co.'s, 349 & 551 Broadway, New York.

OLD SATSUMA.

Our Mr. Collamore having just re-urned from a tour around the world n pursuit of NOVELTIES in POT-TERY, etc., we invite our customers nd the public generally to call and xamine his selections in Japanese Curios, Chinese, French, and English

Gilman Collamore & Co...

No. 731 BROADWAY.

ONE DOOR ABOVE WAVERLEY PLACE.

JAPAN. INDIA. CHINA.

HOICEST GOODS FROM THESE NATIONS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

A. A. VANTINE & COMPANY, 27-829-831 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

An Important Book for Stock-Breeders.

Practical Treatise on the Application of the Laws of Development and Heredity to the 'Improvement and Breeding of Domestic Animals.

By Manly Miles, M. D., late Professor of Agriculture in the Michigan State Agricultural College. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. With Illustrations. Price, \$1.50.

For sale by all booksellers; or mailed, post-paid, to any address in the United States, on receipt of price.



IMPERIAL CARDS

SIX DOLLARS PER DOZEN,
BY ROCK WOOD,
17 UNION SQUARE, WEST.
Mr. Rockwood gives personal attento to the posing of sitters, from 9 to 4 cock daily.

AMERICAN PAINTERS:

Biographical Sketches of Fifty American Artists,

EIGHTY-THREE EXAMPLES OF THEIR WORKS.

Engraved on Wood in a perfect manner.

The painters represented in this work are as follows:

Church, Hunt, Whittredge. J. H. Beard, W. H. Beard, W. Hart, J. M. Hart, McEntee, Porter,
G. L. Brown,
Appleton Brown, Page, Sanford Gifford, Swain Gifford, Colman, Cropsey, Casilear, Durand,
R. W. Weir,
W. T. Richards,
T. Moran,
P. Moran, Hicks, Winslow Homer, E. Johnson, Shirlaw, De Haas, J. G. Brown, Wyant, Wood, Bricher, Perry, Bellows, Robbins. Bristol, Wilmarth. Shattuck, Miller, J. F. Weir, Eaton, Bridgman, Hopkinson Smith,

The publishers feel justified in saying that the contemporaneous art of no country has ever been so adequately represented in a single volume as our American Painters are in this work, while the engravings are equal in execution to the finest examples of wood-engraving produced here or abroad.

Quarto; cloth, extra gilt, price, \$7.00; full morocco, \$13.00.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, N. Y. City.

COLOGNE.

Unrivalled in Richness and Delicacy of Perfume.

In Quarter and Half Pints, Pints and Quarts.

Highest Awards at the Centennial Exposi-tion, at Louisville, St. Louis, Cin-cinnati, Chicago, Boston, and New York.

The Awards were given for "its rich ness, delicacy, and care in compounding," confirming the opinion of the best judges that it is superior to any foreign or domestic.

Established......1839.

FREDERICK & FIELD. Manufacturers of Granite Monuments

HERMAN TROST & CO.,



48, 50, 52, and 54 Murray St., New York.

Established since 1835.

French and English China DINNER AND TEA SETS. CRYSTAL TABLE AND FANCY GLASSWARE.

Japanese and Chinese Porcelain, Art Pottery, Bronzes, and Curios; Sèvres, Dresden, Berlin, and Worcester Fine Porcelain; Maiolica and Faience articles in great variety. LARGEST STOCK IN THE UNITED STATES.

New articles received daily from our houses in Paris and Limoges, and from our collectors in Japan and China.

CHOICE ENGRAVINGS.

HERMANN WUNDERLICH & CO...

880 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The assortment comprises the masterpieces of Rembraudt, Dürer, Schoengauer, Lucas van Leyden, Raimondi, and others. It also contains exquisite proofs by Morghen, Toschi, Bonghi, Desnoyer, Wille, Sharp, Masson, Nanteuil, Edelinck, &c. Collectors and Amateurs will find his Portfolios well worthy of examination. ation. Prices Moderate.

CATALOGUES SENT ON APPLICATION.

The Best Advertising Mediums.

Appletons' Journal,

The Popular Science Monthly, The New York Medical Journal,

The Art Journal,

Appletons' Railway Guide.

Advertising Department, 549 & 551 Broadway, N. Y.



\$10 and upward.

"The Peddler at the Fair."

JOHN ROGERS,

1155 Broadway, New York,

Three Representative

THE PORTFOLIO.

An Artistic Periodical, edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Illustrated with Etchings, Autotypes, Woodcuts, Fac-similes, Engravings, Heliogravures, etc., etc. Published Monthly. \$10.00 per annum. Sent, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of subscription price. "Dealing with artistic subjects generally, and always in a spirit of intelligence and refinement."—Graphic. "To the Portfolio is unanimously accorded the first place as an artistic periodical."—Cambridge Chronicle.

A International Review. \$32.00 per annum.

"There is some monotony in praising each successive portion of a periodical as it appears with an absolutely equal cordiality; but the evenness of merit in L'Art makes this uniformity of commendation a duty."—The Nation.

"America is so destitute of illustrated works which can at all compare with L'Art, that she cannot do better than study and enjoy this French publication. Certainly there is no other means by which so many valuable pictures can be obtained at so small a price."—The Christian Union.

"The most famous of modern Art journals."—N, Y, Times.

LE COSTUME HISTORIOUE.

Illustrated with 500 Plates, 300 of which are in colors, gold and silver, and 200 in tinted lithography (camaieu). Executed in the finest style of the art. Representing authentic examples of the Costumes and Ornaments of all Times among all Nations. With numerous choice specimens of Furniture, Ornamental Metal-Work, Gross Tiles, Textile Fabrics, Arms and Armor, Useful Domestic Articles, Modes of Transport, etc. With Explanatory Notices and Historical Dissertations (in French). By M. A. RACINET, author of "Polychromatic Ornament."

To be issued in twenty parts. Small 4to (7½ x 8½ inches) \$4.50 each. Folio, large paper (x1½ x 16 inches), in cloth portfolio, \$9.00 each.

Imported and for sale by

J. W. BOUTON, 706 Broadway, New York.

A New and Valuable Work for the Practical Mechanic and Engineer.

APPLETONS'

Cyclopædia of Applied Mechanics.

A Dictionary of Mechanical Engineering and the Mechanical Arts.

Illustrated by 5,000 Engravings.

Edited by PARK BENJAMIN, Ph. D

CONTRIBUTORS.

CONTRIBUTORS.

I. A. EDISON, Ph. D.
RICHARD H. BULL, C. E.
SAMUEL WEBBER, C. E.
Professor DE VOLSON WOOD.
CHARLES E. EMERY, C. E.
JOSHUA ROSE, M. E.
PIERRE DE P. RICKETTS, Ph. D.
HON. ORBSTES CLEVELAND.
W. T. J. KRAJEWSKI, C. E.
S. W. GREEN, ESQ.
JOHN BIRKINBINE, C. E.
HENRY L. BREVOORT, C. E.
F. T. THURSTON, C. E.
JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH, ESQ.

F. T. Thurston, C. É.

John Hollingsworth, Esq.

Appletons' Cyclopædia of Applied Mechanics of 1879 is a new work, and not a revision of the former Dictionary of Mechanics of 1850. It aims to present the best and latest American practice in the mechanical arts, and to compare the same with that of other nations. It also exhibits the extent to which American invention and discovery have contributed to the world's progress during the last quarter-century. Its production is deemed timely in view of the existing popular interest in the labors of the mechanic and inventor which has been awakened by the great International Expositions of the last decade, and by the wonderful discoveries made by American inventors during the past three years.

The Contributors to the Work.—The contributors whose names are given above number many of the most eminent American mechanical experts and engineers. Several of their contributions contain the results of original research and thought, never before published. Their efforts have in all cases tended to simplify the subjects treated, to avoid technicalities, and so to render all that is presented easily understood by the general reader as well as by the mechanical student. Examples are appended to all rules, explanations to all tables, and in such matters as the uses of tools and management of machines the instructions are unusually minute and accurate.

Conditions of Publication.

This work will be published in semi-monthly parts, at Fifty Cents each, payable on delivery; the carrier not being allowed to give credit or receive money in advance.

The work will be fully completed in Twenty-four Parts. Subscribens received only for the entire work. Subscribers removing, or not being regularly supplied, will please address the Publishers, by mail or otherwise.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

D. APPLETON & CO.'S

ART WORKS. HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS. POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHL

American Painters.

Containing Biographical Sketches of Fifty American Artists, with Eighty-three Examples of their Works, engraved on

with Eighty-three Examples of their Works, engraved on Wood in the most perfect manner.

As an evidence of the value and beauty of this volume, we may mention that the cost of the engravings was nearly thirteen thousand dollars. The publishers are justified in saying that the contemporaneous art of no country has ever been so adequately represented in a single volume, while the engravings are equal to the finest examples of wood-engraving produced here or abroad. In cloth, extra gilt, price, \$700; full mor., \$1300.

It is a Noble Monument to American Art.

The Turner Gallery.

he Turner Gallery.

A Series of One Hundred and Twenty Engravings on Steel, from the Works of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. The admirable adaptability of Turner's paintings for engraving has led the very best engravers to reproduce them, and, as a result, the most brilliant, imaginative, and inspiring works of recent times are brought within the reach of the general public. Each plate is accompanied by historical and critical remarks, compiled from authentic sources, so that the whole affords a most instructive guide to the study of Turner's unrivaled pictures. In two folio volumes. Price, half morocco, \$32.00; full morocco, \$36.00.

Tent-Work in Palestine.

A Record of Discovery and Adventure. By CLAUDE REIGNIER CONDER, R. E., Officer in Command of the Survey Expedition. Published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. With Thirty-three Illustrations by J. W. WHYMPER. Two vols., 8vo. Cloth, \$6.00.

"The account of Lieutenant Conder's labors is not merely the interesting record of a great work, it has the additional charm of being exceedingly well written; and it will always remain one of the most valuable contributions to the literature on Palestine."

—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Life and Words of Christ.

The Life and words of Units.

By Cunningham Geikie, D. D. With Twelve Engravings on Steel. In two vols. Price, cloth, \$8.00; half calf and half morocco, \$15.00; morocco, \$20.00.

"A work of gigantic industry, noble in outward form, of the highest rank in its contents, and, what is the chief point, it breathes the spirit of true faith in Christ. I have read enough of it to rejoice at such a magnificent creation, and especially to wonder at the extent of reading it shows. When I shall have occasion to revise my Hebrew New Testament, I hope to get much help from it."—From Dr. Delitzsch, the Commentator.

William Cullen Bryant's Poetical Works.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION. 100 Engravings by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks, and other Artists. Biographic Sketch by R. H. Stoddard, and View of Bryant's Residence at Roslyn. 1 vol., 8vo. Cloth; gilt side and edge, \$4.00; half calf, marble edge, \$6.00; full morocco, antique, \$5.00; tree calf, \$vo.00.

annque, \$0.00; tree cair, \$10.00.
HOUSEHOLD EDITION. I vol., 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00; half calf, \$4.00; morocco, \$5.00; tree calf, \$5.00.
RED-LINE EDITION. With 24 Illustrations, and Portrait of Bryant, on Steel. Printed on tinted paper, with red line. Square 12mo. Cloth, extra, \$3.00; half calf, \$5.00; morocco, \$7.00; tree calf, \$8.00.

BLUE-AND-GOLD EDITION. 18mo. Cloth, gilt edge, \$1.50; tree calf, marble edge, \$3.00; mor., gilt edge, \$4.00.

Pottery and Porcelain,
From Early Times down to the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. By CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT. With 165 Illustrations, and the more Important Marks and Monograms. 1 vol., small 4to. Cloth, gilt, \$5.00; morocco, \$10.00.

The Poet and Painter;

Or, Gems of Art and Song. An imperial octave volume, containing choice Selections from the English Poets, and superbly illustrated with 99 Steel Engravings, printed in the best manner on the page with the text. New edition. Cloth, extra, \$12.00; morocco, antique or extra, \$20.00.

Charles Dickens's Works, Household

With numerous Illustrations. Complete in 19 volumes, bound in eight volumes, Square 8vo. Cloth, \$20.00; half calf, \$40.00; half morocco, \$40.00.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

FOR 1879.

Conducted by E. L. and W. J. YOUMANS.

WITH the number for January, 1879, THE POPULAR SCIENMONTHLY will be permanently enlarged to 144 pages, without

The contents of the magazine will, as heretofore, consist of or nal scientific articles from eminent home and foreign writs selections, falling within its scope, from the leading English peric cals, translations from foreign languages, synopses of import scientific papers, and notes of the progress of science through

Thirteen volumes of THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY ha Thirteen volumes of The Popular Science Monthly In now appeared, containing the largest amount of varied and we able mental work to be found within equal limits in any periodic any country. Its plan has been cordially and universally approby the most intelligent classes of the community. Its scope sinfluence will be increased by its enlargement, so as to make the completest reflection of the scientific and philosophical progr of the age that can be anywhere obtained. The Monthly represent the course of contemporary thought on subjects of lead interest, preserve its, best results, and form a comprehensive sindependent library of popular science, especially suited to wants of non-scientific people.

Contents of Number for January.

Contents of Number for January.

TRACES OF AN EARLY RACE IN JAPAN. By EDWA S. MORSE. (Illustrated.)

VIRCHOW AND EVOLUTION. By Prof. JOHN TYNDAM ASTRONOMICAL MAGNITUDES AND DISTANCE BY Prof. H. S. CARHART.

HERBERT SPENCER BEFORE THE ENGLISH COPRIGHT COMMISSION.

THE BEGINNING OF NERVES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. BY GEORGE J. ROMANES. (Illustrated.)

POPE AND ANTI-POPE. By Prof. CARLVOGT.

SCIENTIFIC RELATION OF SOCIOLOGY TO BIOLOG. I. By Prof. JOSEPH LE CONTE.

BLACK DIAMONDS. By M. F. MAURY.

THE DEVIL-FISH AND ITS RELATIVES. BY W. DAMON. (Illustrated.)

HEREDITY. BY GEORGE ILES.

THE PHYSICAL FUNCTIONS OF LEAVES. (Illustrate CURARI OR WOORARA POISON. BY MAURICE GIRARI MOLECULAR DYNAMICS. BY L. R. CURTISS.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOLIC EXCESS ON CHARACTE BY J. MILNER FOTHERGIL, M. D.

SKETCH OF GUSTAV WALLIS. (With Portrait.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR'S TABLE.
LITERARY NOTICES.
POPULAR MISCELLANY.

TERMS: Five dollars per annum, postage prepaid to any dress in the United States, or, fifty cents per number. T POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY and APPLETONS' JOURNAL, togeth \$7.00 per annum, postage prepaid. Subscriptions may begin any time. A new volume began with November number.

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS 549 & 551 Broadway, New York

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED. With One Hundred and Three Views of Streets, Bui

ings, etc., in New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity This is an entirely new edition of this pictorial guide to York City, containing forty-two new illustrations (total, 203), twenty additional pages. 4to. Paper cover, price, 60 cents.

THE DIARY OF A WOMAN.

From the French of OCTAVE FEUILLET, author "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." I vo 16mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cen Forming No. 16 of Appletons' "Collection of F eign Authors."

"It is almost altogether a novel of sentiment; but told we that amazing eleverness of which M. Feuillet is a master. It play of passion and feeling furnishes as much or more interthan the most exciting plot."—The Nation.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
549 & 551 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

New York Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE, No. 346 & 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1878.

Amount of net cash assets January 1, 1877	0,898 20
REVENUE ACCOUNT.	
Premiums received and deferred \$6,232,394 70 Less deferred premiums January 1, 1877 432,695 40 \$5,799,699 3 Interest received and accrued 2,168,015 85	0
Interest received and accrued 2,168,015 85 Less accrued January 1, 1877 300,558 68 1,867,457 1	7 7,667,156 47
	\$40,398,054 67
DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT. Losses by death, including additions\$1,638,128 30	
Endowments matured and discounted	2
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies	5
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees. Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc. 531,526 o	3
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks	
Reduction on other stocks	5,945,149 38
	\$34,452,905 29
Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received	
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value \$13,379,930 33)	2
Real estate	
assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)	
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1878	5
cies, \$674,000; included in liabilities)	7
Agents' balances 56,945 9 Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1878. 315,895 3	5
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.	- \$34,452,905 29
Excess of market value of securities over cost	504,345 64
CASH ASSETS, January I, 1878.	.\$34,957,250 93
Appropriated as follows: Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1878	3
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc	1
non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle, net premium	
existing policies of that class 792,302 2	2
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent	. \$2,664,144 49 . 6,000,000 00
Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4½ per cent. over	;
During the year 6,597 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,156,639.	
Number of policies in force January 1, 1876	
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877	127,748,473
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1876\$2,499,656 Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1877 2,626,816 Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1878 2,664,144	
TRUSTEES.	
MORRIS FRANKLIN, ROBERT B. COLLINS, JOHN MAIRS, WILLIAM BARTON, EDWARD MARTIN, H. B. CLAFLIN, JOHN M CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., DAVID DOWS, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, ISAAC C. KENDALL, LOOMIS L. WHITE, EDW. A.	E A. OSGOOD, I. FURMAN, WHITTEMORE.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier. D. O'DELL, Superintendent of Agencies.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., Residence, 109 E. 26th St., Medical HENRY TUCK, M. D., Residence, 15 E. 31st St.,

THE INDEPENDENT.

Well and favorably known the World over as the BEST Religious Weekly Newspaper. It retains all its most desirable features and adds new ones.

We shall continue to print articles from the best writers and thinkers in the country. The departments of Religious News, Literature, Sunday-school, Fine Arts, Science, Missions, School and College, Markets, Farm and Garden, Financial, and Insurance, will, as heretofore, be contributed to by specialists in each branch. These departments are famous because they are able and trustworthy.

COOK'S LECTURES.

These famous Lectures, delivered in Boston every Monday, by the Rev. Joseph Cook, will be published in full, together

Ex-President THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D. D., LL.D.,

will contribute twenty to thirty articles on Socialism and Communism, the most important questions of the day.

SERMONS

by eminent clergymen in all parts of the country will continue to

PREMIUMS.

We offer Rev. Joseph Cook's valuable new volumes, entitled "BIOLOCY," "TRANSCENDENTALISM," "ORTHODOXY," "CONSCIENCE," "HEREDITY," and "MARRIAGE," embodying, in a revised and corrected form, the author's previous remarkable Monday Lectures. They are published in handsome book-form, by Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston. We will mail a copy of any one volume, post-paid, to any subscriber to The Independent who remits us \$3 for a year in advance; or any subscriber may remit \$5.50, and we will send him The Independent for two years in advance, and two volumes post-paid; or any three volumes, post-paid, to any one subscriber who remits \$8 for three years in advance.

WORCESTER'S UNABRIDGED

PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY.

RETAIL PRICE, \$10.00.

We have made a special contract with the great publishingwe have made a special contract with the great publishing-bouse of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, by which we are enabled to offer the most desirable Premium ever given by any newspaper in the country. We will send this, the best Dictionary published, to any person who will send us the names of Three New Subscribers and Nine Dollars; or who will, on of Three New Subscribers and Nine Dollars; or who will, on renewing his own subscription, in advance, send us Two New Names additional and \$9,00; or who will renew his own subscription for three years, in advance, and send us \$9,00; or for a new subscriber for three years and \$9,00. The great Unabridged Dictionary will be delivered at our office, or in Philadelphia, free, or be sent by express or otherwise, as may be ordered, from Philadelphia, at the expense of the subscriber

The subscriber under this offer will not be entitled to any

Subscription Price, \$3 per Annum in Advance,

including any one of the following Premiums:

Any one volume of the Household Edition of Charles Dickens's

Works, bound in cloth, with 16 Illustrations each, by Sol

Works, bound in cloth, with 10 Inustration
Eytinge.

Moody and Sankey's Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, No. 2.

Lincoin and his Cabinet; or, First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation. Fine large Steel Engraving. By
Ritchie. Size 26 x 36.

Authors of the United States. Fine large Steel Engraving.

44 Portraits. Size 24 x 38½. By Ritchie.

Charles Sunner. Fine Steel Engraving. By Ritchie.

Grant or Wilson. Fine Steel Engraving. By Ritchie.

Edwin M. Stanton. Fine Steel Engraving. By Ritchie.

The Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Frank B. Carpenter.

Bound in cloth. 360 pages. It gives a better insight into
his "inner life" than can be found elsewhere, and is altogether one of the most fascinating, instructive, and useful
hooks of the kind ever published.

Subscription Price, \$3 per Annum in Advance. Specimen copies sent free.

THE INDEPENDENT,

Cut out this advertisement, as it will not appear again.

MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Gas Fixtures, Fine Bronze and Marble Clocks.

METAL AND PORCELAIN LAMPS, ORNAMENTAL BRONZES, ETC.

We respectfully announce that we are prepared to manufacture and offer for sale the varied and elegant patterns of CORNELIUS & CO., of Philadelphia-long established and favorably known to the public-who, having discontinued manufacturing, have transferred that portion of their business to us.

Thankful for patronage generously bestowed, we solicit its continuance. We cordially invite those interested in INDUSTRIAL ART-WORK to visit our establishment and freely examine a display of goods in our line not equaled elsewhere in the world.

MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,

Nos. 836 & 838 BROADWAY, and 13th Street, near Union Square, NEW YORK.

"AN ACCEPTED STANDARD."

"An accepted standard of information ... Astonishingly full, without reaching proportions which might make it generally impractical; scrupulously exact, and illustrated with a rare instinct of selection."—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

HISTORY OF

A NEW TRANSLATION FROM THE SEVENTH GERMAN EDITION.

Edited, with Notes, by CLARENCE COOK.

Two vols., 8vo, with nearly 600 Illustrations, Cloth, gilt tops or uncut, \$14.00; half morocco, gilt tops, \$19.00; half levant, extra, \$22.50.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, Publishers,

NEW YORK.



"BEST LITERATURE OF THE DAY."-N. Y. Times.

THE GREATEST LIVING AUTHORS, such as Prof. Max Muller, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, James A. Froude, Prof. Huxley, R. A. Proctor, Edward A. Freeman, Prof. Tyndall Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Frances Power Cobbe, The Duke of Argyll, William Black, Miss Thackeray, Miss Mulock, George MacDonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Alexander, Thomas Hardy, Matthew Arnold, Henry Kingsley, W. W. Story, Turguenief, Ruskin Tennyson, Browning, and many others, are represented in the pages of

imittedly unrivaled and continuously succession being an it will furnish to its readers the productions of the most emi-ent authors, above-named and many others; and the serial and Short Stories by the Loadembracing the choicest Serial and Short Stories ing Foreign Novelists, and an amoun

Unapproached by any other Periodical

in the world, of the most valuable Literary and Scientific matter of the day, from the pens of the foremost EssayIsts, Scientists, Critics, Discoverers, and Editors, representing every department of knowledge and progress.

The LIVING AGE is a weekly magazine giving more than

THREE AND A QUARTER THOUSAND

double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It pr sents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount-matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with satisfactory completeness attempted by no oth publication, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketc publication, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketch-es of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature.

The importance of The Living Age to every American reader, as the only satisfactorily fresh and COMPLETE compilation of an indispensable current literature—indispensable because it embraces the productions of

THE ABLEST LIVING WRITERS-

is sufficiently indicated by the following

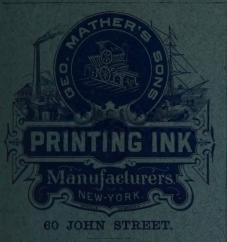
OPINIONS:

EXTRA OFFER FOR 1879.

pans of "NR GIBBIN," a new serial story of much interest GEORGE MacDONALD, now appearing in THE ING AGE from the author's advance-sheets. Other choice scrials by distinguished authors are engaged and will spe

Club-Prices for the Best Home and Foreign Literature.

LITTELL & GAY. Boston.



COLORED INKS.

icturesque America, Picturesque Europe, and The Art Jour

THE STANDARD AMERICAN HARD TABLES



H. W. COLLENDER.

univing Partner and Successor to PHELAN & COLLENDER, 788 BROADWAY,

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A Magazine of General Literature,

F. W. DEVOE & CO.,

FINE

F. W. Devoe & Co.'s FOR ARTISTS

CAKES AND MOIST.



F. W. Devoe & Co.'s IN TUBES

WAX FLOWER

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

WHITE LEAD, COLORS, AND VARNISHES.

Cor. FULTON & WILLIAM STS.,

NEW YORK

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE OF NEW YORK.

hupbers—Opera and Theaire Parties, Private Thicatrica and Musicales—Etiquette of Weddings—Christenings are Birthdays—Marriage Anniversaries—New-Year's-Day Tew York—Funeral Customs and Seasons of Mourning.

18mo. Cloth, gilt edges, price, \$1.00.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York

ESTERBROOKS TOPULAR IN USE. FOR SALE BY ALL EALERS IN THE UNITED STATE

Leading Numbers of Pens. 048-14-130-606-333-444-128-161. ALWAYS ASK FOR "ESTERBROOK'S."

APPLETONS' AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

NEW REVISED EDITION.

Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand Engravings and Maps.

This Cyclopedra surpasses all other works in the fullness and ability of the articles relating to the United States; no other book stains so many reliable hiographies of the leading men of this and other nations; the best minds of the country have enriched its res with the latest data, and the most recent discoveries in manufactures, methanics, and general science; it is a library in itself; it well printed, and in convenient form; it is reliable, impartial, complete, thoroughly American, deeply interesting and instructive, and

PRICE AND STYLE OF BINDING.

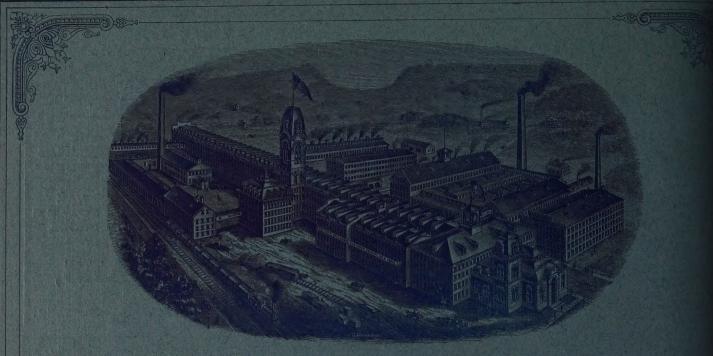


THERE IS A MARKED UNANIMITY of opinion

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

It is everywhere regarded as a standard article, and is held in particularly high esteem by medical scientists, well qualified to judge of its efficacy as a remedy for disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, and nervous system. Small doses of it achieve

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Rochester, N. Y.



Silver Plated Ware Manufactory of the MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

THE LARGEST ELECTRO PLATED WARE MANUFACTORY IN THE WORLD.

Salesrooms: 46 EAST 14th STREET,

UNION SQUARE,

NEW YORK

DECKER BROS.' PIANOS

Have shown themselves so far superior to all others in excellence of work-manship, elasticity of touch, beauty of tone, and great durability, that they are now earnestly sought for by all persons desiring the

VERY BEST PIANOS.

LOW PRICES.

EASY TERMS.

CAUTION.—No Decker Pianos genuine unless marked:

DECKER BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE

POET AND PAINTER

OR.

GEMS OF ART AND SONG.

AN IMPERIAL OCTAVO VOLUME, CONTAINING CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THE ENGLISH POETS.

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED WITH

NINETY-NINE LARGE STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

Printed in a Perfect Manner on the Page with the Text.

New edition. Cloth, extra, \$12.00; morocco, antique or extra, \$20.00

2. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 549 & 551 Broadway, New York